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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Lady Anne Granard; or, Keeping up Appearances.*  
By L. E. L. 3 vols. Colburn.

THE office of reviewing this work is a very sad one. We feel that we cannot perform it in the common routine of literary labour; and must be pardoned if we merely introduce the publication in the simplest manner to the notice of our readers. The playful voice which here speaks to us from the grave awakens too many distressing associations to be spoken of or written upon. It will doubtless impart a deep interest to the production with the general public; but for those who cannot imagine the sound, without calling up the living fascinations that would have pointed and increased its influence, there is such a mingling of painful emotions, that bitter and unavailing regrets must occupy the place of any pleasurable thoughts which the talent and genius of the author would otherwise have elicited.

The tale of Lady Anne Granard and her five daughters was begun and carried only to a certain extent by L. E. L.; but it has been completed by a friend, as stated in the advertisement prefixed, and who has not discredited the difficult undertaking. "Lady Anne Granard (we are told) is a domestic story of the present day, and is therefore decidedly different to those captivating romances already given to the world by L. E. L.; but all who have enjoyed personal acquaintance with that highly-gifted lady, will immediately perceive that the story is written in her own peculiar conversational style. It combines a playful and keenly satirical vein, with a good-humoured willingness to escape from her own perception of the ridiculous and the blamable, in order to rest on those recollections of the benevolence she loved, the virtue she venerated, or the poetic sense of all that was excellent and beautiful, with which her spirit was so essentially imbued, and to which her thoughts were constantly habituated. It is necessary, however, to acquaint the reader that the plan and first portion of the work only are the production of the late Mrs. Maclean (L. E. L.). They are the last literary labours of that deeply lamented lady. The friend who has seen the work through the press, and ventured to conclude the story, so prematurely bereft of its true parent, can only entreat indulgence for her humble efforts, which she believes to be in strict accordance with the intentions of the author."

We can truly say, that the indulgence here entreated is not necessary; for the friend who has performed the melancholy task (whoever she may be) has accomplished it in a manner worthy of her high companionship. And having so said, all we have now to do is to select a few examples of the work, in order to indicate its character, and shew that the prefatory remarks we have quoted, and perfectly adopt, are substantially accurate and just. We shall of course choose from the first volume, as being more surely the writing of the lost and lamented.

Thus opens the novel:—

"No one dies but some one is glad of it. If

this be true of deaths in general, it was very particularly true in that of Mr. Glentworth. Very rich, he died without a will or a regret. He left behind neither servant, dog, cat, nor even a customary arm-chair, to miss him. He had always lived in furnished houses, and kept his 'two maids and a man' on board wages; he jobbed his carriage, and changed his tradespeople every week. Still, joy and sorrow are the inseparable companions of death, and they were attendants even on that of Mr. Glentworth. His property, which was great, went to a nephew, who had never received from him the least kindness, and who would not have inherited a guinea, or an acre, if his relative had not had a superstitious dread of shortening his life by making a will. Mr. Glentworth hated his nephew, both with the general hatred with which men regard their heirs, and also with an individual hatred. The good and the generous action of which we feel incapable is a reproach when done by another; and the old man could not forgive the younger one for being better than himself. He was gone, however; and the one whom of all others he disliked came in for the accumulated wealth of years. If ever he might be permitted 'one touch of natural joy,' it was in the case of Mr. Glentworth."

This naïve and acute perception of character was a wonderful gift of the writer from her very girlhood. She intuitively saw through the persons into whose company she was thrown; and their good or evil qualities, their virtues or their follies, were sure to excite her warm approbation or her dislike, her love or her ridicule. Like her first prose work, *Romance and Reality*, the present abounds in instances of this penetration, and its natural results. We will quote a small number from the multitude, which sparkle as thick as spangles on a theatrical dress.

"Mr. Granard's is a common history. He was a broken-spirited man, ruined by extravagance he had not resolution to check, and harassed by embarrassments he had not courage to face. He was a kind-hearted, well-meaning man, and with a different wife would have been a different person. He had married Lady Anne not only for her beauty, but for her quiet manner, which he mistook for gentleness—like many others, he found out his mistake when too late. Shy, sensitive, and indolent, he gave way on every point, because it was less trouble to yield than to oppose. He went to London, though he would have preferred remaining in the country; he gave a grand fête of some description or other every year, though he hated the noise and confusion; he filled his house with company, though his habits were even unsocial: in short, his whole life was one succession of sacrifices, but they were sacrifices without merit—they were the sacrifices of weakness, not of strength. Many a bitter moment did he pass, when, after watching his five fairy girls on the lawn, he would turn away, and think that his death would leave them beggars. There was one sad thought perpetually fretting his heart; and the gay and lovely Lady Anne Granard was often pitied for being united to a man so gloomy and so unsocial. Mr. Granard became a valetudinarian; he was always ap-

plying to some physician or another, perhaps a little to their bewilderment, for no disease was apparent: they knew not that the improvident father feared to die, for the sake of five destitute orphans. In the mean time he grew thin and pale—the result, it was said, of over-attention. 'Never,' as his wife observed, 'did any body take such care of himself as Mr. Granard.' But there was that within which mocked all cure; and Lady Anne was in the midst of her arrangements for an archery meeting, when Mr. Granard was found dead in his library. He had not been in bed all night, having been looking over accounts; a half-sketched plan of retrenchment was found near, but that night his life was required of him. Lady Anne could not repress one involuntary exclamation of 'What an inconvenient time Mr. Granard had chosen for his death!' but otherwise she behaved with exemplary propriety. She retired to her dressing-room, which was duly darkened; and there she sat, a white cambric handkerchief in one hand, and a bottle of salts in the other. Most of Mr. Granard's children were too young to feel his loss; but Mary, the eldest, grieved for him with a grief beyond her years. What were his faults to her? she only knew him as the kind father with whom she read and walked, and from whom she never heard an unkind word. In after-years, when she heard of his indolence and his improvidence, it sounded to her like sacrilege."

Those who remember L. E. L.'s fond and fervent poetical allusions to her own father, will have no difficulty in applying the last paragraph. But we proceed with a few other brief specimens of piquant and characteristic observation.

"The fourth Lady Rotheles was a very different person from her predecessors; she was as little like the romantic and disappointed second, as she was like the impassioned and miserable third. It was a surprise and a novelty to Lord Rotheles to have a wife without tears or reproaches—he really quite missed them. His wife and sister had too many points of resemblance, not to entertain a strong and mutual dislike. Our own faults are those we are the first to detect, and the last to forgive, in others. Lady Rotheles and Lady Anne were two worldly, cold-hearted women; but Lady Rotheles was the stronger minded. They soon came into direct collision. \* \* Small things are the hinges on which great events turn! When we trace to their source the most important circumstances of our life, in what trifles have they originated!—a look, a word, are the ministers of fate."

The Misses Granard are desirous of a boon from their lady mother; and the following is the sportive yet touching account of the means they adopted:—

"'I wonder if mamma will let us go,' said Helen timidly. 'I will run up stairs and ask her,' cried Georgiana: 'I manage her better than any of you.' 'What do you want, child?' asked Lady Anne, pettishly, who was listening to the news that her French maid had already collected of the neighbourhood. 'Oh, mamma,' replied Georgiana, 'we are all getting chilblains

with sitting in that cold parlour; and—'Why do you not wear your gloves?' interrupted Lady Anne. 'I shall disown you for my child if you have red hands.' 'No, no, mamma; you know that we all take after you, and never were there such pretty little white hands in the world. But, mamma, I came to tell you that Mrs. Palmer has sent to ask us to tea: do let us go.' 'I wonder how you can bear that odious woman's manners,' returned her mother; 'I expect that you will all grow like her in time. But it is of no use my saying any thing; you will go if you choose.' 'Oh, thank you, mamma,' cried Georgiana, not choosing to hear any more; and down stairs she ran to communicate the permission. 'I knew she would let us go,' cried Georgiana, 'when I praised her little white hands.' 'Oh, Georgiana,' cried Helen, colouring, 'how can you flatter mamma as you do! It is very wrong.' Poor Georgiana stood silent and abashed. When her sister took her hand, and said, 'But we know very well that you did it to let us go—do not be angry,'—all unkindly feeling dissolved at the first word, and the two girls kissed each other with an affection, perhaps the more tender for such slight difference."

This Mrs. Palmer is a noble and affecting impersonation—a charming contrast to the False Appearance worldlings. We must give a sketch of her, as it occurs in her colloquy with her youthful visitors. They are talking of an offer Louisa had just refused at Brighton:

"'Who was the gentleman?' asked Mrs. Palmer, a little anxiously. 'Oh, Louisa refused him at once,' returned Isabella, who caught the look. 'Such a handsome young man!' cried Georgiana, who replied only to the words; 'Sir Henry Calthorpe, with plenty of money.' 'And why,' asked the old lady, 'would not Louisa have him?' 'She did not like him,' replied Helen. 'Young ladies,' returned Mrs. Palmer, with a touch of her former dignified authority, 'should not permit themselves to take fancied likings and dislikes.' 'Louisa,' said Helen, timidly, yet eagerly, 'never could have liked any one so vain, so uninteresting as Sir Henry, who made his offer, expecting her to be divided between surprise and gratitude.' 'He was one of those men,' said Isabella, 'who have no separate existence from their tailor, unless, indeed, a portion be claimed by the glover and bootmaker. I should as soon think of marrying a suit of clothes.' 'I wonder what,' exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, good-humouredly, 'you young ladies would choose, if left to yourselves.' 'I can tell you,' answered Isabella; 'a lover for Helen must be a pale, pensive, dark young man. He must be given to fits of abstraction, and have something mysterious about him. Had we lived in the time of the Peninsular war, her heart could not have stood a week's siege from a young officer who wore his arm in a sling. As to how they were to have existed afterwards, they would—at least Helen would—never have thought it worth a moment's consideration. She would have formed some vague notion of

'A tent on shore, a galley on the sea,' or a cottage 'all woodbines and roses,' and—'but, dear Helen, I will spare your imagination, and not finish my picture.' Mrs. Palmer looked a little alarmed, and said:—'I think love all very proper in marriage, under certain restrictions. I do not much like love in a cottage; and yet I have known people very happy in cottages. But well-educated young ladies ought never to think about love; and yet I do not know how it is, they always will. However, not to be talking too much on such a

delicate subject—we have not yet heard what Georgiana would like.' 'Georgiana,' answered Isabella, 'would like her myrtle-wreath made of strawberry-leaves. She has a great idea of a duke, and would submit to be a countess. *Le futur* must be rich; and I am afraid that she is unreasonable enough to expect that he should be young and good-looking also.' 'And pray what would you like yourself?' asked her sister. 'I ask three good qualities,' replied Isabella, somewhat seriously: 'he must be kind, rich, and rational.' 'Certainly, young ladies now-a-days think a great deal more about money than I did when I was a girl; and yet I made a great match,' said Mrs. Palmer, looking reverently back to the honours and glories of her first marriage. 'My dears, when I married poor dear Black, he had two carriages, ten servants, and a house in the Paragon.' The girls well knew what was coming, and at once looked serious attention. 'But, my dears,' continued the old lady, 'human prosperity is but a bubble, especially on the stock-exchange. At first I might have had gold, if I could have eaten it; I afterwards knew what it was to want bread. But we had good friends: do not believe those, my dear children, who say that there is no kindness or gratitude in the world. We met with both. I opened a school on Clapham Common; and, in the course of a year, twenty old friends sent me their children.' 'How kind you would be to them!' exclaimed Helen, whose large soft grey eyes were yet larger and softer for the tears that had gradually swelled beneath the long dark lashes. 'I hope,' replied Mrs. Palmer, 'I did my duty by them. It saddened me at first to see so many young healthy faces, while there was death in that of my husband; but at last the sight of them quite heartened me. Poor dear Black never held up his head after his failure; but he used, as he sat in his easy chair, to like to hear the voices from the play-ground. I cannot tell you why, but my heart warmed more to him as he leant back pale and helpless in the little green room, than it had ever done in our grand house in the Paragon. He was so patient, that I do believe he brought God's favour on all our doings. I never used to go up in the stage to London to get my groceries and things, but I always ran back from the door to beg B.'s blessing.' If a smile did rise to the lips of her young hearers, it was instantly repressed, the feeling was too sacred and too tender for mirth. 'He lived for three years, and then went off like a sleeping child. I was reading the Bible to him at the time, and thought that the sunshine which came in at the window would be too strong for his eyes. I looked up, and that glad and beautiful light fell upon the face of the dead.' There was a deep silence, while Helen's vivid fancy conjured up the scene. She knew the small neat room—she had been with Mrs. Palmer to see it; the cheerful garden filled with flowers, the hum of the distant play-ground, the rosy clusters of an acacia-tree, whose branches almost came in at the window; there stood the old man, worn and wasted—Helen almost fancied she could see the pale yet tranquil face. The silence was broken by Mrs. Palmer's saying: 'But I did not send for you to make you all dull. God knows I sometimes wonder how we live over our bitterest sorrows; and yet we ought to be thankful, for little avail is it to grieve over the past. I had a very handsome monument placed in Clapham Church; but I would not have 'by his disconsolate widow' put upon it. I was not disconsolate; I trusted in the goodness of God; and I knew the good and kind old man was only gone before me to another and a better

world.' 'How much,' said Helen, anxious in her turn to divert the mind of their hostess, 'I should have liked to have been at school with you!' 'Ah, my dear,' exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, brightening up at the idea of past power, 'we should have done each other credit. I can assure you that there are girls of mine at every court in Europe: I gave in to none of the present idle fashions. It would have done you good to have seen how upright they sat, with their feet in the first position, on a Sunday afternoon, when they drank tea with me. Then such a curtsy as every girl made when she came into the parlour, down to the very ground, and as steady as if they had had no joints! Poor dears, I liked to see them enjoy the seed-cake afterwards. I have always kept the receipt; there is some of it in the plate, Georgiana, by you.' 'Had you any favourites?' asked Helen. 'Oh, that was a secret,' replied Mrs. Palmer, with an air of ministerial reserve; 'I was very careful never to shew any preferences, but I do not mean to say but what I had them—human nature is human nature—and there are some girls,' with an affectionate glance at the circle round her, 'that are so very engaging.' 'They must have loved you very dearly,' exclaimed Helen. 'I am sure I loved them,' replied their hostess; 'every body talked of my good luck, when Mr. Palmer, whose three daughters had been finished, came down to pay my Christmas bills, and married me during the holidays—a kind, good man he has always been; and we never have had a word but once, when Caroline said, before his face, that she would not be ruled by a schoolmistress and a stepmother; and he was very angry with her. Poor dear! he did not consider that a young head never means half that it says. She left the room; and he said that it was no use taking any one's part who would not take her own.' 'I am sure Mrs. Gooch is very fond of you now,' interrupted Helen. 'I found her crying when I went to look for her,' replied Mrs. Palmer, 'and we never had another quarrel. But, my dears, young people are very hasty. Caroline never stopped to think that it was a great comfort to me to marry her father. We had known each other for years, and knew each other's way. My health was then very bad; and affairs at Claver House were not as flourishing as they had been. I do not know how others make a fortune; I never could.' 'You were too kind and too liberal,' cried Isabella. 'Do not run away with the idea,' replied Mrs. Palmer, 'that kindness and liberality are incompatible with economy and business; but I had too many claims upon me, and my health failed. I have always thought it a special instance of God's good providence that my health and worldly prosperity were at their best during poor Black's life; and when my spirits began to grow weak, and my affairs embarrassed, then came Mr. Palmer. I have now been married to him twenty years, and I have been a very fortunate woman.'"

The simplicity and nature of this are to us so exceedingly charming, that we hardly seem inclined to go on with a few other brief touches; but yet we shall. A very smart satirical description of Lady Anne's household is thus terminated:—

"In short, the whole of Lady Anne's household was the type of a system—it was false from beginning to end. It aimed at a position in society she lacked the means of retaining; comfort was sacrificed to show; and all the better and more natural emotions merged in vain speculations of aggrandisement. In nothing were the feelings of others consulted; but

their opinions were of paramount importance. The world was looked upon as a particular set, out of whose pale there was neither interest nor refinement; the rest were just common people, whom nobody knows. Lady Anne would have been in despair if the Misses Granard had not been allowed at any party to be among the most elegant girls in the room; but she cared as little for their affection as for their comfort. But her house, with its poverty and its pretence—her daughters, with their accomplishments and privations—presented a picture, a common one, of to-day. There is a mania in every class to be mistaken for what it is not. Many things innocent, nay, even graceful in themselves, become injurious and awkward by unseasonable imitation. We follow, we copy; first comfort goes, and then respectability. A false seeming is mistaken for refinement, and half life is thrown away in worthless sacrifices to a set of hollow idols called appearances."

The whole work was planned to illustrate this fact or principle.

"How pretty Louisa is looking this morning!" said Lady Anne; "what a dreadful waste, with nobody in town!" "What a pity," replied Isabella, "that people cannot have a savings-bank of good looks—hair, eyes, and skin to be put out at interest till wanted!" "You would not trouble it much, child," returned Lady Anne, pettishly; "you know you are the plain one of the family. I do not know what I shall do with you when you come out: you will have no beauty but that of youth." "Then, mamma," exclaimed Isabella, "the sooner you bring me out the better." "I am sure," cried her mother, "I have quite enough on my hands. No, no, you must wait, and long enough too, unless some of your sisters go off." "Well," answered she, "I can wait and improve." "I do not think you will," was Lady Anne's ungracious reply."

Another portrait sketched from the life:—

"Lady Penrhyn had her ruling passion: she held that mankind were sent upon earth for one express purpose—to be flattered with; and she carried flirtation to its last extremity. To no admiration was she quite indifferent, unless she had been in possession of it for some time: a lover was as necessary to her existence as a diamond, but she was not very particular as to who that lover might be; a list of her *admirers* would have included a most curious collection of contrasts. All the time she professed the utmost devotion to her husband, and lover after lover was dismissed, not a little surprised to find that there was some truth in it. The fact was, her husband represented house, carriage, and position in society. She would have had something to lose by losing him, whereas the loss of a lover was nothing."

And here is a male likeness handled in a stronger manner:—

"John Penrhyn began life the younger brother of a younger branch, and passed the first forty years of his life in small dark chambers in the Temple, twice a year going the circuit which included his native county. There were two, and two only, remarkable circumstances connected with his early career: the first was, that he never exceeded his slender income; and, secondly, he never made the least progress in his profession. He was regular in his habits, parsimonious, and industrious; but he lacked all talent needed at the bar—he had neither address, nor eloquence, nor ingenuity. But, at the age of forty, 'a change came o'er the spirit of his dream,' though the quotation is somewhat misapplied, for he had neither spirit nor dreams,—an old and distant relative

died, and left him an immense fortune. The genius of the man now developed itself—it was that of making money out of money. A man must be rich to be a miser, and Penrhyn was a miser heart and soul. Now, avarice, like all other vices, has changed its bearing since the days of our ancestors. It has lost the picturesque; no one now accumulates ingots of gold or bars of silver; there are warehouses, not caverns, for sales of rich stuffs, for 'ivory, ambers, and all precious woods.' The temples of Mammon now are banking-houses and offices—in these Penrhyn luxuriated. Moreover, he duly prepared to indulge in all, as rich, that had appeared to him as indulgences while poor. He married for love—so it was said; but I hold he took his fair cousin from other motives. He married for protection: he was henceforth safe from all designs and schemes,—two wives not being legal even in a man of his fortune. He was also more likely to be comfortable—a wife does make a house more comfortable—it is more cheerful, clean, better aired, with feminine supervision, and he liked to have all the minor comforts about him; besides, it was the greater contrast to his single life in chambers. True, he married a girl without money; but then, as he calculated, she could make no demands for extra expenses, prefacing each with 'you should remember, sir, the fortune I brought you.' Lastly, as the settlements were in his own power, he calculated that she would be more dependent on his good will and pleasure. In this he was somewhat mistaken; still he was fond of her after his fashion—she could flatter and persuade him a little. He took an odd sort of pride in her conquests: he considered them as so many proofs of his own good taste. Jealous he was not, for he only calculated, he never felt; and his sum-total of the matter was, that his wife had too much to lose if she ran away from him. In some things he restrained her expenses, while in others he was positively lavish. He objected to lace at two or three guineas a-yard—that would wear out soon, and, once gone, 'is gone for ever'; but he would load her with diamonds. The great object of his life was a peerage; the House of Commons was too turbulent for a man of his quiet habits, but there was a repose in that of Lords which suited him exactly. Besides, he felt the mercantile value of his title as a speculation—it told when he was elected chairman of a committee, or one of the directors of an insurance company. It was wonderful how he had increased his private fortune; but in wealth, as with St. Denis, *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*—the difficulty is to commence the accumulation; but, the first little heap laid by, and then begin to think of your thousands and tens of thousands—they will come in time. Lord Penrhyn had no near relations, and no children. How civil people were to him, and how many onward-looking hopes were based on that civility!"

We could draw the veil from this and others of the original sitters; but it is not our province: and we hasten to conclude with a generalising example of the writer's more comprehensive glances at society.

"Every age has its characteristic, and our present one is not behind its predecessors in that respect; it is the age of systems, every system enforced by a treatise. The politician who opposes the corn-laws and advocates free trade, does so on a system, which, as soon as it begins to work, will set the civilised world to rights. The phrenologist, who regulates heart and mind by undulations of the skull, has another system. The professor of animal magnet-

ism, who throws housemaids into a deep sleep, when they talk Latin without knowing it, has a third. While Mrs. Geary, who makes staves the realisation of the ancient girdle of the Graces, does so on a 'system which has the approval of the highest medical authorities.' One system, however, still requires its organisation and its treatise;—we allude to the sublime yet delicate, the universal yet domestic, science of managing a husband. The science has its practice, but it lacks its theory. Theory follows the practice, which it improves. Aristotle found his examples of poetry in Homer and Æschylus; and Ude's dishes had made the felicity of dinners, before either reduced their divine art to received and written rules. Conjugal government requires its treatises. A young woman setting out in life lacks a printed guide. Her cookery-book, however, may afford some useful hints till one be actually directed to the important subject just mentioned. Many well-known receipts are equally available for a *batterie de cuisine* or *du cœur*. Your roasted husband is subdued by the fire of fierce words and fiercer looks—your broiled husband, under the pepper and salt of taunt and innuendo—your stewed husband, under the constant application of petty vexations—your boiled husband dissolves under the watery influences—while your confectionised husband goes through a course of the blanc mange of flattery, or the preserves and sweets of caresses and smiles."

We make only one extract from the second volume, p. 237, but which we should ascribe to the first, and not the last, of our conjoined writers. It is on the tender subject of nursing.

"Indeed, mamma, Louisa did very little, for she was so busy with her baby; besides, she was extremely delicate, and only able to sit up part of the day in the beginning of the time." "Delicate indeed! what made her delicate but undertaking to feed that great lump of a boy? to be sure, it was consistent with marrying a man who is a city merchant: what better could she expect than to be compelled to such low—I may say, such beastly—employment, for all kind of creatures suckle their young. Royal mothers never dream of such a thing. Noble mothers never did, till the Duchess of Devonshire brought it into fashion, on the very same principle that she made bonnets the shape of coal-scuttles the rage. Odd things she could do and would do, because she had the power to do. However, she died soon after I was married; and I never followed her example, and trust no daughter of mine will do it, save those allied to city connexions; one can expect nothing better of them when a woman has once renounced all self-respect so far as to form a lasting union with a man like Penrhyn: it is quite in character that she should, as Hamlet says in the play, proceed

'To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.'

Of volume iii. we shall say nothing, but that in the last page the word "contemptuous" is misprinted for "contemptible;" and with this blemish we leave the tale to the popularity it is sure to command.

*Luther: a Poem.* By Robert Montgomery, M.A., author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," "The Messiah," "Satan," &c. Pp. 654. London, F. Baisler; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Tilt and Bogue.

We have been repelled from this poem by several matters which misled us, whilst we were unwilling to dwell too much upon them, coming as they did from a writer whose early promise (notwithstanding such defects as ever



attend the first effusions of genius) we were happy to hail with the most cheering encouragement we could give. In the present instance, however, we think Mr. Montgomery has mistaken his subject—has been led into greater faults, especially of style, than in his former productions—and fancied, erroneously, that theological argument could be exalted into heroic verse. But no man that ever lived could convert polemical discussion into epic poetry; and the individual Luther, with all the circumstances of his life, is utterly unsuited to being illustrated by we know not how many thousand measured lines.

The introduction, a Protestant essay, in strong opposition to the church of Rome, its doctrines and practices, occupies nearly 150 pages, and pretty clearly indicates the ideas embodied in the versification and the scope of the whole design. A sample of what is afterwards enforced and enlarged upon in this manner may be quoted in its prose form.

"We need hardly say, that the wish to resolve the statements of the Bible concerning a personal Satan into mere orientalisms or poetical impersonations, is to be traced to the native dislike of the unrenowned heart to admit into its experience any principle that calls for 'reasoning pride' to submit itself, and be dumb before God. But beyond this, no thoughtful watcher over the times can hesitate to allow, that for the last twenty years the habits, literature, science, and philosophy of this country have been gravitating with a fearful impetus towards the adoption of a sensual heresy, or towards the practical belief that the real is bounded by the visible; and that no evidence that does not thrill our materialism (in some mode or other) can be admitted by a truly philosophic mind. Thus the hands, and eyes, and ears, are lifted into a more than logical dominion over the intellect; and faith, or 'the evidence of things not seen,' ceases to be retained in the canons of our world's orthodoxy. For much of this infidel carnality we are indebted to that heartless libel on all that is spiritual in taste and pure in feeling—utilitarianism,—a system that concentrates within its grasp the elements of a most debasing grossness; adapted only to a world peopled with bodies out of which the soul has been evaporated; and which, if carried out in all the fearless enormity of its principle, would speedily transform the empire into a mere national shop, creation into a huge warehouse, and represent the uncreated Mind as little more than an infinite manufacturer! There is, however, one encouragement derived even from the cultivation of the physical sciences themselves, viz. that true philosophy cannot enshrine a single principle into a system without authenticating the reality of the invisible; for, after all, what is electricity, chemical affinity, and galvanism, and gravitation, but the expression of something that is unseen, of which all the visible phenomena of matter and sensitive life are only the tokens and significances? Physical science, therefore, if consistently faithful to the law of analogy, cannot reject the statements of Scripture with reference either to the Deity or the devil, on the simple ground of invisibility; inasmuch as science itself cannot exist without a belief in the unseen presidency of some master-principle."

If there is not much of logical reasoning in this highly-wrought prose, we must confess that in the verse the language becomes more and more turgid; and that even when we can perceive a good thought, it is so overlaid with verbiage that we either lose sight of the mean-

ing altogether, or find the chaff so omnipotent over the grains of wheat, that we cannot be at the pains to endeavour to extract them from the mass. But it is time to shew this by examples, and we shall be most impartial in selecting them; for though we cannot help grieving at the faults, we are not so unjust as to be blind to such redeeming qualities as taste and justice will recognise in this composition. We will begin, however, with the running directions which top the pages, and which, in our opinion, demonstrate the absolute unfitness of the theme or themes for poetical purposes.

"Christ the centre and circumference of truth—The mystical body of the church—Man's need and God's supply—The divine prologue—Characteristics—Childhood—The University—Man's religion—How the Day-star rises in the heart of faith—God's ambassadors—The metropolis of the man of sin—Satan's theology—The Reformation's dawn—Its master-principle—The gospel according to man, in (1) the supremacy, (2) the mystery, (3) the moral root—Inspiration of the ideal—The covenant of hearts—The unique of history—The interlude—Patmos—The crisis—Mental resurrection—The affections by the truth made free—A landscape of domestic life—The Catechism—Conflict with the god of this world—The destinies of Rome—Farewell to time—A poet's retrospect and patriot's conclusion."

Thus premised, we stumble at the very threshold.

"For ever, and for ever in the deep  
Of Godhead bosom'd, vast and viewless Lord!  
Thou wert; but when in mortal flesh array'd,  
Myst'ry and mercy both in Thee combin'd,—  
Eternity in form of time became  
Apparent; then the covenant of peace,  
Plann'd in the purpose of God's secret will,  
At length stood forth, embodied and complete;  
And thou, O Christ! the dispassion wert,  
Where all the harmonies of Heaven unite  
Incessant, far beyond the harp of mind,  
To echo, or the ear of man to drink."

The diapason comparison is to us at once a discord, and extremely ill wrought out. Indeed, we cannot understand the harp of mind echoing this divine unison of harmonies; it is an opening specimen of the deformities of the poem. The following is of a different cast, and more like the author's better efforts:—

"Lo! the broad earth a solemn arena seems,  
And the arch'd sky a bended ceiling grows,  
Whose lamps are planets in their burning shrines;  
Wonder is priestess; and the mingl'd choirs,  
The organ-music roll'd from waves and winds;  
While the deep worship is th' unconscious swell  
Of Nature, when her hieft hosannahs rise  
To bless the Architect and Lord of all."

Here is the invocation of the hero, Luther; a mingled quotation of bad and good:

"The solitary monk that shook the world  
From pagan slumber, when the Gospel-trump  
Thunder'd its challenge from a dauntless lip  
In peals of truth round hierarchal Rome,  
Till mitred pomp, and cowl'd imposture quail'd,  
And the fell priesthood, like a fiend unmask'd,  
And stripp'd of light fictitiously assumed,  
By some detecting angel, shrunk dismay'd  
And shiver'd, in thy vast exposure seen!  
Thou wouldst I shape, thou colossus mind!  
And what, though sad humanity's broad taint  
Of weakness here and there thy soul beplagu'd;  
Or, harshly quick, or too severely loud,  
Some intonations of thy spirit rose  
(When from the thunder-cloud of sacred ire  
Within thee falsehood call'd the lightnings out,  
Or Tempter's flash round principle did flame),—  
Yet in the greatness of thy glorious work  
Right nobly art thou, like a second Paul,  
Apparent, graced with apostolic mind;  
Waving that banner, on whose blood-stain'd fold  
Thy name, Immanuel! at each ruffling blast  
Of conflict beams with sudden brightness forth!"

"Beplagu'd" is a vile phrase; and the "intonations of spirit rose," "temper's flash," &c.,

not to be commended. Then comes the "divine prologue;" and with a startling line,—

"How much of God to build a man it takes!"

And the context seems to us to be equally preposterous:

"How much of God to build a man it takes!  
That mental structure, for whose living walls  
Eternity and truth foundations are!  
A man, we mean, whose attributes his name  
Exalt, and body all its grandeur forth;  
Not human whirlwinds, who have havoc'd earth,  
And blasted nature with a bloody sweep  
Of rage or ruin!—fiends in flesh are they,  
Form'd by themselves from blackness, sin, and shame,  
And eloquent throughout of hellish guile  
And eloquence. But when a man complete,  
Rounded and finish'd into full-orb'd grace,  
On earth at length is destined to alight,—  
'E'en like some new apocalypse from heaven,  
Truthful and deep, and most divinely touch'd  
In faculty of heart and mind,—he shews  
In each high lineament the plastic God!"

Is the last a portrait, and the writer the original sifter? The phrase "apocalypse," as well as many other pet words, are in the long course of the poem worn all to rags:—but we proceed with our reluctant task, promising to make it as brief as the widely extended popularity of the author's preceding productions (running through five, six, eight, ten, twenty-one editions) render it decent for us to abridge. From a portion entitled "The Interlude" the following is copied:

"Thy beauty, Nature, hath a chorded spell  
Responsively for tones of feeling tuned,  
In moments deep of myst'ry and of mind.  
How often, when the human world looks harsh  
And loveless; when no eye reflects the ray  
Of sorrow, beaming mildly from our own;  
When, darkly girdled by a zone of thought,  
Apart and voiceless in our souls we move,—  
Thy scenes of calm, thy solitudes profound,  
Like mute interpretations, seem to wear  
An outward mirror of the mood we feel!  
Thy very silence to the soul appeals  
With more than language; thy maternal hush  
Upon the heart's strange fever falls like dew.  
Sublime in thy sublimities we grow,  
And lose the littleness of earthly thoughts  
Amid the vastness of thy speaking forms  
Of grace and grandeur which thy throne surround.  
Soon may the mind by such entrancement soar;  
From the rank violence of this vexing world  
Awhile set free, it shares a nobler life,  
Holding dim converse with all shapes and hues  
Which body forth the beautiful and bright  
Within, or personate the charms we feel.  
How eloquent the everlasting hills  
Do then appear! proclaiming, with their peaks  
Of glory, God in vast expression thrond!  
Or, haply in the heart's deep-thoughted hours  
Musing beside the immemorial sea  
On some poetic shore (while wave on wave  
In hollow thunder lips th' Almighty's name).  
How strangely does electric nature thrill  
Through forms of matter on the feeling mind!  
As though the elements, with plastic might  
And mystery, themselves by secret love  
Transform'd to image forth our mental dream!"

This is by far the best continuous passage which we can extract from the whole length of *Luther*, and we are well pleased to copy it as proof of the writer's poetic talent. The next may be cited as an opposite example.

"—Inventive man would fain achieve  
What Scripture only to th' Eternal gives  
In plan and purpose for His crowning work.  
Thus all are prophets, to themselves at least,  
And preach perfection possible below:  
But can corruption to itself be cure?  
Yet still it tries, nor will Heaven's cure allow,  
Nor dip in Jordan till Damascus fails!  
But man is ruin; if rebuilt he rise,  
'Tis not by rubbish from himself begot,  
But by a means transcendently divine,  
The creed within forms character without,  
And God alone can educate the will;  
But will makes man in all essential powers,  
And therefore must he, by *omnific* grace  
Beyond himself, through heavenly love be rais'd,  
Or still be changeless in his moral core.  
Yes, to the last the leper will remain;  
The skin may whiten, but the blood is black,  
And burns in secret with a plague-spot there!"

Here the thoughts are ripe and good, their

expression in terms absurd or abominable: witness what we have marked by italics. The subjoined will be relished by most readers:

"Between the living and the dead our life  
Throbs like a brief vibration, and how soon  
This pendulum of anxious being stops!  
Even in a moment by some touch or tone  
Arrested,—lo! the life of sense concludes,  
And we are launched beyond the tracking eye  
To follow—by the Infinite absorbed,  
And in the secret of eternity!"

We cannot speak so favourably of the following: it is revoltingly exaggerated, and ill expressed; as in much of the rest, we have the Table-Talk left us by Luther swollen into the most vile Cambyzes' vein of bombast:

"Behind our veiling drapery of sense,  
Baff'd if we are from darting forth one glance  
Of mental knowledge; or the heart, methinks,  
Might dream, when Luther's disembodied soul  
Pass'd from the flesh to join the spirit-throng,  
Eternity a new sensation felt,  
And the high dead, wherever localised,  
Did welcome him to glory, as he took  
His throne among them like a sainted king!"

And here, having done as much as we deem necessary to expose the bad and point out the good in the poem, we gladly take our leave of it; and to relieve it, conclude with an entertaining letter of Luther's quoted in the notes, though it is rather extensively known. It was written to his friends at Wittenberg during the diet of Augsburg.

"Grace and peace in Christ Jesus our Lord be with you, dear sirs and friends. I have received your letters, and understand from them how it fares with you all. That you may be aware how it fares with us, I hereby give you to know that we, namely, I, Master Veit, and Cyriac, do not go to the diet at Augsburg: we are, however, here attending another diet. For know, that just beneath our window is a rookery in a small wood; and there the rooks and jackdaws hold their diet. There is such a journeying to and fro, such a cry and clamour day and night, without any ceasing, as if they were all drunken; and old and young chatter all at once, that it is a marvel to me how voice and breath can so long hold it; and I would fain know whether in your parts you have any such like nobles and cavaliers. It seems to me that they are gathered together here from all the ends of the earth. Their emperor I have not seen, but their nobles and their great merchants are for ever strutting before our eyes, not, in truth, in very costly garments, but rather simply clad in one colour: they are all dressed in black; all are grey-eyed, and sing the same song, except with some pretty differences of old and young, great and small. They reckon of no vast palace or stately hall, for their hall is roofed with the fair wide heaven; their floor is the bare field, strewed with dainty green twigs; and its walls are as wide as the world's end. Nor do they require steed or harness: they have feathered wheels, wherewith they escape from the fire of their enemies, and avoid their rage. There are high and mighty lords amongst them; but what they resolve I know not. Thus much, however, have I gathered from an interpreter, that they have a mighty expedition in hand, and wage war against wheat, barley, oats, rye, and all manner of corn and grain; and herein will many win knighthood, and do great feats of arms. We also sit here in diet, and hear and see with great pleasure and delight how the princes and lords, together with the states of the empire, so joyously sing, and make good cheer. But especial joy have we when we see with how haughty an air they strut, clean their bills, and attack the defences, and how they gain conquest and glory against wheat

and barley. We humbly salute them all, and wish that they were all well spitted on a hedge-stake together. I hold, however, that they are most like to the sophists and papists with their preaching and writing; for I would fain have them all in a heap before me, that I may hear their sweet voices and preachings, and see how right useful a folk they are to consume all that the earth brings forth, and to while away the heavy time in chattering. To-day we have heard the nightingale for the first time; for she would put no trust in April. It has been right glorious weather all day, nor has it rained, except yesterday a little. With you it is perchance otherwise. Herewith I commend you to God. Fare ye well. From the diet of the Conturks. April 28, 1530."

*The Slave States of America.* By J. S. Buckingham, Esq., author of "America, Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive." 2 vols. 8vo. Fisher, Son, and Co. London and Paris.

WHEN persons hold such extreme opinions on most subjects as does Mr. Buckingham, we are apt to consider their writings as biassed in favour of the particular views they entertain; and we do not think Mr. Buckingham is free from this charge, especially in the work before us, in which nearly all the arguments appear to be based on foregone conclusions. Tee-totaler and abolitionist, he was not likely to look with very favourable eyes on the southern, or slave states of America; and as he dared not express his opinions on the latter question openly when in the country, they are all the more stringent in print; indeed, slavery is pointed out as an unmitigated evil, without a single redeeming benefit; the slaves, without exception, painted as in a state of miserable wretchedness, both as regards food and clothing, and their owners universally declaring that free labour would be much more productive to them both in profit and personal safety. Still, an advocate of abolition is in danger of being murdered among them, so hotly are they opposed to any change in their "domestic institutions," as slavery is called.

*The Slave States* is prolix in its statistical details, and, we are sorry to add, very often incorrect: thus of Columbus we are told:—

"We remained at Columbus during the whole of Tuesday; and, though much fatigued, had an opportunity of seeing something of the town, and some of its most respectable citizens, to whom I had letters of introduction. The town is only ten years old, being one of the newest places of any size in this part of the country; yet it already contains about 8000 inhabitants, in nearly equal proportions of black and white; and both its public and private buildings are substantial, commodious, and ornamental."—P. 246.

And this is only one of frequent inconsistencies. The book is altogether more an itinerary than one of voyages and travels, and might, with ease and advantage, have been comprised in

less than half its present size—leaving out long extracts from newspapers, sermons, speeches of eminent men, after-dinner toasts, and accounts of the author's lectures, as well as frequent repetitions of the names of trees and plants which grow on the banks of the rivers over which our traveller steamed.

Yet Mr. Buckingham is a man of such generally acknowledged talent and observation, that much that is curious and entertaining may be gleaned from his writings; and we now offer a few extracts of the better and more amusing parts of his book.

*The Creoles of New Orleans.*—"Of the resident population of the city, it is necessary to observe, that they form two very distinct bodies,—creole French, and northern Americans; and that these are as distinct as the people of any two nations, independently of the several orders or classes into which each of these bodies is again subdivided. The creoles,—that is, persons of pure white race, without any admixture of Indian or African blood, descended entirely from Spanish or French ancestors, but born in Louisiana,—are the most numerous portion of the resident population, amounting to about 20,000 persons. They are almost entirely Roman Catholics in religion, French in language, habits, and manners, but with a mixture of the Spanish chivalry, generosity, and romance, that makes them more frank, open, warm-hearted, and impassioned, than the natives of France, though not more courteous or polite. The men are generally small, and neither robust nor active, distinguished by no particular traits of character, except it be extreme sensitiveness on points of honour, and readiness to avenge an affront by appeal to arms; duels being much more frequent with them than even with the Americans, and almost always fought with swords till one or other of the combatants fall. There being no order of nobility or privileged class, and no great wealth possessed by individuals, there is a very general equality of condition among them; and though some few of the older inhabitants live on fixed incomes derived from rents, investments in stocks and banks, and the labour of their slaves, yet by far the greatest number are engaged in business or professions, as merchants, shopkeepers, restaurateurs, and artisans, besides engaging in the liberal professions of medicine and the law. They are in general devoid of ambition, and deficient in energy, being content to live a quiet and an easy life, rather than incur the toil, anxiety, and wear and tear of body and mind, which they see the Americans endure to get rich. They are somewhat lax in their manners, which their religion and colonial origin may sufficiently account for; but they are upright in their dealings, faithful in all offices of trust, and remarkably docile and manageable with kindness in all subordinate offices, as clerks, assistants, &c. The creole women are not so pretty as the Americans, but their manners are more interesting. They are of the most delicate and graceful forms, with a roundness and beauty of shape, figure, and tournure, which contrasts very strikingly with the straightness and regularity of American female figures generally. Their complexions are like those of the women of Italy and the northern shores of the Mediterranean, approaching to brunette, of a rich marble-like smoothness, sometimes suffused with a glow of warmth indicative of the deepest feeling; large black eyes, full of languor and expression; jet-black hair, full, soft, and glossy; exquisite lips and teeth; and countenances beaming with amiability and ten-

derness. They combine, in short, the attractions of the women of Cadiz, Naples, and Marseilles; and notwithstanding the admiration they excite in strangers, they are said to make faithful as well as fond wives, and excellent mothers; except, indeed, that in this last capacity their love for their children runs into such excess, as to cause them to be too indulgent to them, and thus to injure their future happiness by excessive kindness. French is almost the only language spoken among them, Spanish but rarely, and English still less. They are extremely polite and well-bred; and have a readiness, self-possession, intelligence, and ease and elegance of conversation, which American ladies seldom possess; bearing, in this respect, the same kind of superiority to the Americans, which the women of France do to those of England, except in the very best circles of society."

*Literary institutions.*—"Of its literary institutions, there are not many to record. In these, however, a beginning has been made, and this is always something in so new a country. The first of these is the Historical Society of Louisiana, established in the year 1835; its object being to collect all the facts and documents connected with the history of the colony and state from the earliest times, to embody these in printed transactions, and to make them the subject of periodical meetings and public discourses. Next to this is the New Orleans Commercial Library Society, founded in 1831, which possesses at present a collection exceeding 5000 volumes; and this is increasing every year. There is an Agricultural Society, incorporated in 1833, for the collection of information, and trial of experiments, relative to the growth and improvement of all the agricultural, horticultural, and botanical productions of the state. This, if well directed, can hardly fail to be productive of great benefit, and the collection of much valuable and interesting information. There is a Medical Board of Louisiana, and a Medical College; the latter founded originally by the private enterprise of the leading physicians, but since incorporated and endowed by the state, and authorised to confer degrees after appropriate examinations. Its faculty consists of seven professors of the different branches of medical science and practice; and its lectures are attended by a large number of students."

*Use of legs in Milledgeville.*—"We reached Milledgeville about eight o'clock—having been ten hours going thirty miles, though we were only four persons in the coach, had four horses all the way, and did not stop either to lunch or dine on the road: so that this may be regarded as the minimum of coach-speed—three miles an hour! We found the town in a complete bustle, by the breaking up of the convention, and preparations for departure. The streets were full of vehicles of every description, horses, and people; and all the verandas of the hotels and boarding-houses were crowded with persons lounging about on chairs in the open air. This is a habit common to all Americans, but universal in the south, where from fifty to a hundred persons may be seen, from sunset till bedtime, sitting in front of every hotel, and from ten to twenty persons in front of almost every private house, in all varieties of attitude except the natural and erect one; the chairs are poised on one or both of their hind-posts, while the legs of the sitters are thrown into as great a variety of forms as ingenuity can devise: but they are rarely ever seen in the ordinary mode of sitting in use with us."

*Church opinion of Sunday dancing.*—"It is

deemed their duty not to countenance this amusement, even by their presence. No members of churches, as heads of families, therefore, ever give a party for dancing; and if any such exercise is enjoyed, it can only be by the unmarried. But of late a curious evasion of this prohibition has been practised with success, in this manner:—The family give what is called 'a social party,' to which a large number are invited, to take tea and spend the evening. When tea is over, some young lady places herself at the piano, and strikes up a quadrille. Presently a few couples rise, and speedily a 'spontaneous and unpremeditated dance' is got up, and continued with great spirit till midnight. This point has been submitted, it is said, to the judgment of the clergy, who have decided, that if the carpets were taken up, and violins employed, and ball-dresses used, then it would be unequivocally 'a dance,' and, as such, clearly sinful; but the carpets being down, no music used but that of a pianoforte, and the ladies not in ball-costume, it could not be considered any thing more than a 'social party,' and in this all might innocently join."

*Geological curiosity.*—"In possession of one of the professors, we were shewn a slab of stone which contained the distinct impress of a human foot, a little larger than the ordinary size, and with the toes spread wide apart, as if the individual had never worn either sandals or shoes. This was brought from a remarkable hill, about 90 miles distant from this (Athens Georgia), in a northerly direction inclining to west, called the 'Enchanted Mountain.' It is about five hundred feet in elevation, steep of ascent, and well wooded for three-fourths of its height, but the upper part is bare rock. On the topmost surface of this, is a long line of footprints impressed in the stone, to the depth of half an inch; the impressions being of the right and left foot alternately, and at just the natural distance measured in a walking pace. Besides the impressions of the feet of adults, there are those of children made in the same manner, and also of unshod horses; there being in one case a slide of a horse's foot, as if slipping along on a greasy substance. This track—or 'trail,' as it is called, when applied to the marks left by Indians, who go through the woods and over the prairies in single file—is thought by some to be the impression of real feet made on this substance (which resembles soap-stone) when it was in a soft or clayey state, and that it has since become hardened. It is thought, also, that these marks were not made in passing over the summit of a hill, but while what is now its summit was the surface of a plain, a portion of which has been gradually elevated into the mountain it now forms, by some expanding or up-heaving force of confined gas from below, according to the theory of Professor Lyell, who adduces many such instances in his excellent work on Geology. Others, unable to believe this, suppose these impressions of feet to have been made by some of the Indians on the summit of the hill, to support some traditional or superstitious belief or usage, connected with the Enchanted Mountain; but, besides the difficulty of conceiving such a labour to be executed by the Indians, I may state, that as far as a very close inspection of the stone would allow me to judge, there was not the least trace of the marks of a chisel, or any other instrument, on the surface of the stone. On the contrary, it bore all the appearance of a plastic substance impressed with human feet not more than one-eighth above the present natural size, and differing only from the impressions of modern feet by the toes being

more widely spread, as if never confined by shoes or sandals. Not far from this, there had recently been dug up the bones of some huge animal, much larger than those of any mastodon or mammoth hitherto discovered."

*Entomological curiosity.*—"Among the novelties in nature we saw at Charleston was a small worm, called the trinket-worm, characterised by this peculiarity, which gives rise to its name. On the leaves of a wild vine, called the trinket-vine, is found a small worm, which looks at first like a short piece of white thread, and is almost motionless. If the leaf be taken off, and placed under a glass-case in a room, this little thread will, in the short space of twenty-four hours, grow into a good-sized caterpillar, beautifully coloured, and studded with golden spots. When matured, it will climb up the glass, fasten one of its extremities to the glass roof, and having the other depending in the air, will curl itself into a great variety of forms, presenting exquisite patterns for gold trinkets, such as earrings, brooches, clasps, &c., and varying these from time to time in great diversity—from whence its name."

*Western provincialisms.*—"The individuals spoken of as coach-drivers had been to the Western country beyond the Mississippi, from whence they were returning to Carolina; and among several of the new expressions in use among the Western people, from whom they professed to have borrowed them, we heard the following:—Speaking of the morning and evening, they use the terms 'at sun-up,' and 'at sun-down,' instead of sunrise, and sunset; as, for instance, the keeper of a log-house inn would shake a sleeping passenger, and say, 'Stranger, be stirring; it's near sun-up;' and in describing the extent westward, to which Ohio money would circulate, the expressions used were, 'It's such good money, that it will carry you to sun-down.' A handsome young girl at one of these log-hut inns had so many suitors, and rejected them so often, that it was said, 'Her lovers came to visit her in cords,' this being the measure of a pile of firewood, containing many hundred billets,—and she flung 'em off by cargoes.' A person in pecuniary difficulty is said to be 'in a tight place,' or 'in a bad fix'; and when he runs away from his creditors, he is said to have 'sloped.' A soup or broth made of fowls is called 'soup with chicken fixings'; and when any proposed arrangement is difficult to be settled, the phrase is, 'It won't do any which-way you may fix it'; or, 'they can't fix it, any how or no how.'"

Before we conclude, we may add that the work is dedicated to Prince Albert, and has eight beautifully executed illustrations on steel of prominent scenery and incidents of travel.

#### BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA LITERARIA.

[Second Notice: conclusion.]

IN our last, though occupying several pages, we could do little more than intimate two or three of the features of this valuable work, by the publication of which the Royal Society of Literature has so highly vindicated its public literary station. We must yet touch, and only very lightly is it in our power to do so,—on some other of Mr. Wright's services to our Anglo-Saxon progenitors in lineage and letters.

The chief examples of attainments in general literature are, Adhelma, Bede, Alcuin, and Alfred; but they are tolerably well known to intelligent readers, though light is here thrown upon many obscure points connected with them: we therefore turn to the Alfrics—first, the grammarian of Canterbury; and, second, Alfric Bata,



upon whose confused biographies Mr. Wright has bestowed no small degree of pains. Of the former he says:

"No Anglo-Saxon writer has excited so much interest in modern times by his works as Alfric 'the grammarian,' as he has been generally named, from his grammar; and yet there are few whose personal history is involved in so much confusion and uncertainty. This arises in part from the name having been extremely common among the Anglo-Saxons, and from the difficulty of identifying the author of the different books which bear this name by internal evidence. Leland separated one Alfric into three, and Bale gave each of these three a distinct chapter. On the other hand, Usher joined three into one, confounding Alfric of Canterbury with Alfric of York and Alfric of Malmesbury. The historians of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—such as William of Malmesbury and Matthew Paris—do not seem to have escaped from the same confusion. . . . It is probable that the greater part of Alfric's numerous writings are still extant. They consist chiefly of translations, and may be conveniently divided into three classes; those intended for the instruction of youth; theological works written after his mission to the abbey of Cerne; and those which he composed after his elevation to the bishopric of Wilton. The books of instruction were probably most of them written at Winchester, for the use of the scholars in the monastery of that city." His homilies are "written in very easy Anglo-Saxon, and form on that account the best book for the student who is beginning to study the language. Very few of them have yet been published."

Again: "The history of Alfric Bata is no less involved in confusion than that of Alfric of Canterbury, arising chiefly from the same cause, the number of contemporary bishops, abbots, and monks, who bore the name of Alfric. He informs us himself that he was the disciple of the elder Alfric (not of Ethelwold) at Winchester. He is known principally as having republished and enlarged some of the books of scholastic instruction compiled by his master, more particularly the *Colloquium*. In the rubrics to the manuscript containing this curious tract, he is repeatedly called 'a monk,' and appears, at the time he published it, to have enjoyed no ecclesiastical dignity. It is probable that he also republished Alfric's *Grammar and Glossary*; for they are joined with the *Colloquium* in the manuscript of the latter preserved at Oxford; and in the copy of the grammar printed by Sonner, there is a short epistle, connecting Alfric's name with that of King Cnut, which cannot refer to Alfric of Canterbury."

The subjoined quotation from the life of Bede gives a striking view of Anglo-Saxon science:—"The works of Bede may be divided into four classes: his theological writings, his scientific treatises, his poetry and tracts on grammatical and miscellaneous subjects, and his historical books. . . . The only scientific treatises of which we can with certainty regard Bede as the author, are those indicated in his own list of his writings. They are still preserved; and though no better than compilations from other writers, and more especially from Pliny the elder, they exhibit to us all the scientific knowledge possessed by our forefathers until a much later period. The tract *De Natura Rerum*, which was one of Bede's earliest works, and the Anglo-Saxon abridged translation made in the tenth century, were the text-books of science in England until the twelfth century. The system of Bede was the same which had prevailed in Europe during several centuries. He considered

the earth to be the centre of the universe; and he believed that the firmament was spherical, and bounded by, or enclosed in, fire (De Rer. Nat. cc. 4, 5); beyond this was the higher heaven, peopled by angelic beings, who were supposed to be able to take ethereal bodies, assimilate themselves to men, eat, drink, and perform the other functions of human nature, and at will lay aside their assumed form, and return to their own dwelling-place (ib. c. 7). He taught that the waters above the firmament were placed there for the purpose of moderating the heat of the fire and the igneous stars (c. 8); that the stars, with the exception of the wandering stars or planets, are fixed in the firmament and move round with it, and that sparks struck from them, and carried away by the wind, are what we call falling stars (c. 11); that there are seven planets, whose orbits are included in the firmament, and which revolve in the contrary direction to the motion of the sun (c. 12); that comets are stars produced suddenly, with crests of flame, and that they forebode political revolutions, pestilence, war, or great tempests and droughts (c. 24); that the different colours of the planets are caused by variation of distance, and by the different strata of air in which they revolve (c. 15). Many of Bede's notions with regard to the planet which we inhabit were equally unscientific: he considered the earth to be a globe (De Rer. Nat. c. 46), but he did not believe in the existence of the antipodes (De Tempor. Rat. c. 32); he says that the earth internally resembles a sponge, and that earthquakes are produced by the sudden and forcible escape of wind confined in the cavernous parts (De Rer. Nat. c. 49); that the sea is not increased by the rivers which run into it, either because it is constantly evaporating into the clouds, or because the water descends continually into the earth by secret passages (ib. c. 40); that the sea to the north of Thule is a mass of everlasting ice; that thunder is produced by the sudden bursting forth of wind confined and compressed in the clouds, like the bursting of a bladder (c. 28); and that lightning is produced by the collision of the clouds, in the same manner as fire by the striking together of flints (c. 29). He believed that the world was in his time in its sixth age, old, decrepit, and worn out, and that its end was near approaching (De Temp. Rat.). In the treatise last quoted (c. 13) Bede gives an explanation of the Anglo-Saxon names of the months, which shews that he paid attention to the antiquities of the language and customs of his countrymen, and is a valuable illustration of Anglo-Saxon mythology."

Of Egwin we are informed: "Egwin of Worcester is remarkable as the first Englishman who wrote any thing like an autobiography; but this was only an account of his pretended visions. The date of his birth is not known; he was a native of the district of the Hwiccas, which appears to have coincided nearly with the present county of Worcester, and he was closely allied by blood to the royal line of Mercia. We are told by his biographer, that he had been distinguished for his piety from the early years of childhood, and that he was a favourite counsellor of Ethelred king of Mercia, by whom he was placed over the see of Worcester on the death of Offor, about A.D. 692. Egwin did not long enjoy his bishopric in tranquillity. Serious charges against him, of what nature we are not informed, but provoked, as it is said, by the rigid severity of his spiritual government, were not only brought before the king, but they reached the ears of the pope, who called the bishop to Rome to clear himself from them. The date of this journey is un-

known. Egwin travelled with an outward show of extreme humility; and this, with a miracle which was said to have been exhibited in his behalf on the way, appears to have prevailed more than the exculpations he had to offer, in procuring his acquittal. Before leaving Mercia, he ordered a smith to make for him heavy fetters of iron, closed with locks, 'such as they fixed about the feet of horses;' and having locked them on his bare legs as instruments of penance, he threw the key into the river Avon, in a place then called Hrudding-Pool. Thus equipped, he travelled to Dover, and embarked with his companions in a small vessel which conveyed them by sea to Italy. Whilst he was on the bank of the Tiber performing his devotions and offering thanks for his safe voyage, his fellow-attendants had caught a salmon; and, when it was opened, in order to prepare it for cooking, their astonishment was great at finding in its belly the key of Egwin's bonds. It appears that the truth of this story was vouched by Egwin himself; it was soon known throughout Rome, and the pope received the English traveller with marked distinction, and sent him home with commendatory letters to King Ethelred, who restored him with honour to the see of Worcester, and committed to his care the education of his children. Egwin is well known in history as the founder of the celebrated abbey of Evesham, the site of which at the beginning of the eighth century was a wild forest, made dense by shrubs and brambles, and known by the name of *Homme* (at-Homme). Among the Anglo-Saxons, a large portion of whose food consisted of bacon, the forests were esteemed a valuable part of landed property, because they afforded subsistence to numerous droves of swine; and Egwin placed this estate, which had been given to him by King Ethelred, under the keeping of four principal swineherds, the chief of whom, named Eoves, seems to have resided at or near the spot on which the abbey was afterwards founded; for from him it took the name of Eoves-ham, or the home or residence of Eoves. One day a favourite sow, wandering into the thick and unfrequented parts of the forest, was lost; and Eoves, presenting himself before his master the bishop, declared that in searching for it, after forcing his way with great labour through almost impervious thickets, he came to an open space, where, to his astonishment, he beheld three maidens clad in heavenly garments and singing divine music. It was probably a popular legend which the bishop adopted to serve his own purposes; the Anglo-Saxons believed firmly that the wild woods were peopled by nymphs, who, according to old legends, were frequently seen in triads. Egwin, however, declared that he visited the spot indicated by his swineherd, and that he was himself favoured with the same vision; and he intimated his belief that the three personages were the Virgin Mary and two angels, and his determination to found a monastery in this part of the forest, which he ordered to be cleared for that purpose. These events appear to have occurred in the year 703, a few months before the death of King Ethelred, whose successor Coired (or Kénred) continued to shew the same friendship to Egwin, and granted him lands on the banks of the Avon towards the endowment of his foundation."

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the poets, Cedmon, &c., and must indeed bring our miscellaneous review to a close; the nature and the interest of the contents being our apology for having gone so far. Towards the latter end of the Anglo-Saxon period, during the Danish wars and immediately previous to the

Norman conquest, literature was much debased. At last every thing was written by foreign monks, who supplied nothing but dull lives of saints, stuffed with miraculous follies to an enormous extent. One of the best writers within the fifty years preceding the battle of Hastings was Wulfstan, archbishop of York, in 1003. "The most remarkable of his homilies is the one entitled in the manuscript, *Sermo Lupi ad Anglos quando Dani maxime persecuti sunt eos*. It was written four years before the death of Ethelred, in 1012, the same year in which Bishop Alfheh underwent martyrdom, and after two years of unequalled sufferings from the ravages of the invaders. It affords a strong picture of that period of intrigues and treasons. Wulfstan sets before the eyes of his countrymen the crimes which had disgraced the age preceding that in which he wrote, and the increasing wickedness of their own time; he adduces them as a proof that the world was declining and approaching to its end, and that the coming of Antichrist was now at hand; he says that Christians then did not scruple to rob the Church of its possessions,—a sin which was not even known to the pagans, who never plundered their idols; and that treason lifted up its head unabashed. The invasions of the Danes are represented as the first outpourings of God's wrath for the wickedness of the people."

Among the merits of the work, we must point to the bibliographical lists, under the head of each author, and to the alphabetical index at the end, which imparts to the volume the double value of contemporaneous arrangement and nominal reference. The list of the editions of Bede is the most comprehensive we have ever seen. We ought also to mention the life of Dicuil (born in Ireland after 750), which Mr. Wright has freed from much of the confusion in which it was left by Letronne, one of the most profound of modern French critics.

"All that we know of him (says his new biographer) is gathered directly or by implication from his own book.\* He appears to have been born in Ireland soon after the middle of the eighth century.† His own observations shew that he was from his youth greedy of information relating to foreign lands; and it is probable that, after visiting in his youth many of the British Isles, he entered an Irish monastery in France to derive further instruction from his countryman Suibneus.‡ While Dicuil was attending the school of Suibneus, the latter received a visit from a monk named Fidelis, who had gone to the Holy Land in company with a number of pilgrims from England, and who gave Suibneus and his scholar an oral relation of his travels in that country and in Egypt, of which Dicuil has inserted a curious abstract in his book. It is distinctly stated that Fidelis sailed into the Red Sea by the canal which then communicated with it from the Nile; and as we know that

that canal was finally blocked up by the Khalif Abu Giafar Almansor in 767, it follows that the voyage of Fidelis must have taken place previous to that year, and his visit to Suibneus may have occurred within a few years afterwards. It seems probable that Dicuil remained in France during the rest of his life. In 795, he met with some clerks who gave him important information concerning the islands to the north of Scotland, and who appear to have visited Iceland. The manner in which he speaks of the celebrated elephant presented by Haroun el Raschid to Charlemagne shews that he was then in France (i.e. between July 802 and 810), and that he was a witness of the exhibition which excited so much popular curiosity on that occasion. In the autumn of 825, when he was probably at least seventy years of age, Dicuil composed his treatise *De Mensura Orbis Terræ*; we are justified in supposing that he was still in France, from the circumstances that the books he quotes were more likely to be found in that country than in Ireland, and that all the manuscripts of his treatise known to exist have evidently been derived from the libraries of monasteries situated within the kingdom of the Franks. Perhaps Dicuil had himself become a teacher; for the tract *De Mensura Orbis Terræ* appears to have been designed for the instruction of his countrymen in France. It consists of a general description of the earth, as then known, founded upon an older work containing the measures of the Roman empire as they were said to have been taken under the Emperor Theodosius, which was in great repute among the mediæval geographers. With this he has interwoven extracts from other early writers, such as Pliny, Solinus, Orosius, Isidore, and Priscian, besides new information which he had collected in the course of his own inquiries. Dicuil's language is rude and perfectly destitute of ornament; but he exhibits an extensive acquaintance with books, and quotes Virgil, Lucan, and other Latin writers. His account of the northern islands is the most curious part of his book, because it establishes two important points of history—first, that the Irish had made a settlement in Iceland in the eighth century, long before its discovery by the Northmen; and, secondly, that the Feroe islands (for Letronne has shewn that those described by Dicuil can be no other) had been inhabited by Irish monks nearly a hundred years before they were driven away by the incursions of the northern pirates at the beginning of the eighth century."

To conclude: from the mass and variety of novel information of the highest literary class which Mr. Wright has brought forward in this volume, under the eyes of certain members of the council and committee of the Royal Society of Literature, and from the deep interest attached to the earliest authorship of our native ancestors, we are convinced that his work will not only do credit to his name, but reflect honour on the body from whom it proceeds. We should state that the expense has been borne by the voluntary contribution of members; and we have no doubt, but an extreme desire, that the popularity of the Anglo-Saxon *Biographia Literaria* may encourage them to go on with their announced plan, and that the Anglo-Norman era will be immediately begun, and executed in an equally able manner, as a fitting continuation of this important design.

\* In the preceding review and statement we have enumerated many of the eminent persons who have, in various degrees, been connected with the Royal Society of Literature; but we feel it a duty of memory also to mention its first and second presidents, the learned Bishop of Salisbury and the estimable Lord Dover. Among those honoured by it in other ways, with premiums, or as honorary associates, &c., were: Mrs. Hemans (to whom 50l. was presented at the formation of the society), Bernard Barton, Crabbe, Croly, Dr. Drake, Duppa, Fosbrooke, William Jacob (long its treasurer), Prof. Lee, Lingard, James Montgomery, Dr. George Miller, Thomas Mitchell, Rev. James Parsons, Polwhele, Fraser Tytler, Archibald Alison, Bishop Gleig, Von Hammer, Humboldt, Guizot, Thiers, Letronne, Magee, archbishop of Dublin, Sir John Malcolm, James Rennel, H. Salt, W. A. Von Schlegel, Sir George Staunton, Dr. Young, and Dr. C. Wilkins. And on its bygone lists of officers, who have retired in annual succession, and some been removed by death, appear the names of Lord Lansdowne, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Grenville,\* Charles Yorke, Sir James Macintosh, Archdeacon Nares, Prince Hoare (two of its first great supporters), Dr. Richards (who has bequeathed it a considerable legacy), Chief Justice Abbott, Sir T. D. Acland, Lisle Bowles, Dr. Burney, Archdeacon Butler, Sutton the late and Howley the present Archbishops of Canterbury, Lord Clarendon, Lord Colchester, Barrington bishop of Durham, Francis Freeling, Lord Kenyon, Sir T. Lawrence, Lord Farnborough, the Bishop of London, Lord Morpeth, Granville Penn, John Roby, Sharon Turner, W. Wilberforce, the Archbp. of York, Lord Carrington, F. Chantrey, Dr. Crombie, Dr. D'Oyley, W. S. Gilly, Lord Glenelg, Sir Thomas Phillips, David Pollock, W. Sotheby, Sir John Swinburne, H. H. Baber, the Earl of Munster, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Prudhoe, Earl of Belmore, Rev. J. Bosworth, &c. &c. Among its fellows, the royal names of the late Duke of York, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Sussex are recorded. The first general meeting was held June 17, 1823. The provisional committee consisted of the then Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Burgess), president, the Bishop of Chester (now of Bath and Wells), Chief Justice Abbott, Right Hon. C. Villiers (afterwards Lord Clarendon), Sir Gore Ouseley, Hon. G. A. Ellis (afterwards Lord Dover), Sir J. Macintosh, Archdeacon Nares, Col. Leake, M. A. C. Impey (treasurer), Rev. H. H. Baber (librarian), Rev. H. Cattermole (secretary), Lords Lansdowne, Grenville, and Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle), Sir T. D. Acland, Sir Alexander Johnston, Chantrey, Taylor Combe, Rev. G. Croly, James Cumming, William Empson, Dr. Gray (afterwards Bishop of Bristol), Prince Hoare, William Jerdan, Archdeacon Prosser, Dr. Richards, and the Rev. C. Sumner (now Bishop of Winchester). And of this number, the president and three or four others, together with a few whose names do not appear, such as Dr. Majendie, bishop of Bangor,† had been sedulously employed during three years in almost all weekly meetings, in framing the constitution and defining the objects of the society. Some of the difficulties encountered would form a curious chapter in literary history.

\* "M. Letronne, in his '*Recherches*' on Dicuil, has examined with much acuteness most of the passages of the treatise *De Mensura Orbis Terræ* which relate to its author; but it does not appear to have occurred to him that Dicuil might have been one of the numerous Irish monks settled in France in the eighth century."

† "Dicuil indicates his country very distinctly, '*circa nostram insulam Hiberniam*,' p. 37. '*Eremitæ ex nostra Scotia navigantes*,' p. 39. It is hardly necessary to observe, that the present application of the name Scotia is comparatively modern. Letronne, *Recherches*, p. 24, supposes Dicuil to have been born between 755 and 760."

‡ "Letronne enumerates seven Irishmen named Dicuil, and twenty-four named Suibneus (*Recherches*, pp. 8, 9, 23). These names therefore must have been very common; and the circumstance of there being so many of the name mentioned, shews that there may have been many others of whom we know nothing, and that it is by no means necessary to identify our Dicuil and Suibneus with any of them."

\* "Letronne, *Recherches*, pp. 137, 138, shews that the details given so distinctly in Dicuil, can apply only to phenomena observable in the latitude of the southern part of Iceland, which leaves no doubt of the identity of Dicuil's Thule with that island. Iceland is said to have been discovered by the Northmen about 860. Dicuil gathered his information relating to it in 795."

\* Marked in italics are deceased members.  
† The editor of the *Literary Gazette*, having had the honour of participating in this labour, would willingly recall the names of all his coadjutors; but they are so mixed up with later proceedings that he cannot do so with certainty.



## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

11 Park Row, Leeds, April 2, 1842.

Sir,—I have but just read your remarks on the death of the Earl of Munster, from which I learn that his lordship was subject to gout, which, you say, "might be a drawback upon his enjoyment of life, yet offers no sufficient cause for so appalling a close to it." If his lordship had been just labouring under an attack of his disease, perhaps a "metastasis" of it from the feet, for instance, to the head, might have produced the temporary insanity, and so been the cause of his death.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

GEORGE WILSON, M.B.

Trin. Coll. Camb.

Physician to the Leeds General Infirmary.

P.S. I suggest this, because *any* explanation may be a relief to his afflicted family.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Continuation of the Memoirs read on the 9th of March.

"On rock-basins in the bed of the Toombuddra, southern India (lat. 15° to 16° N.)," by Lieut. Newbold, of the Madras Army.

The rock-basins described in this memoir occur principally below the anicuts, or ancient stone embankments thrown across the Toombuddra, for purposes of irrigation, near the island of Desanur and near the ruins of Bijanugger or Annagundi (lat. 15° 14' N., long. 76° 37' E.), also below the anicuts of Sanapore and Wullavapore (lat. 15° 6' N. long. 76° 22' E.). They are generally of a circular or oval form, the diameter of the interior being usually greater than that of the mouth, and there is frequently at the bottom a central projection not unlike that of a glass bottle. They vary considerably in size, some being 12 feet across; and they are stated to occur in different stages of development: they are also sometimes disposed in rows, the intermediate basins being connected by shallow troughs. Similar basin-shaped cavities occur in rocks above the drainage surface of the country, which Mr. Newbold ascribes to the agency of temporary torrents produced by rain; also other cavities of analogous character, which cannot be accounted for by such processes, and which he is tempted to assign provisionally to diluvial action.

5. "Notices of a great cavern, of the remains of elephants, and of a well sunk in pumice, &c. in Mexico," by Mr. J. Phillips.

The cavern known by the name of the Cave of Cuernavaca occurs in a limestone hill near the village of Cacaguamilpas, thirty-two leagues S.S.W. from the city of Mexico. It is of vast dimensions; and at a point where it separates into two great branches, its height was estimated, by means of rockets, at upwards of two hundred feet. The depth of the left-hand branch, Mr. Phillips says, must be at least half a mile; that of the right-hand branch had not been ascertained. Other caverns occur in the district of El Doctor; and limestone is shewn to abound in many parts of Mexico. The only fossil obtained by Mr. Phillips is a species of *Astrea*. The remains of the elephant were found near the Hacienda of Chapingo, in making a canal to communicate with the lake near Mexico. Since the time of Cortez the waters have subsided considerably. At twelve feet below the surface, an ancient causeway was discovered, and two or three feet lower the remains of the elephant. Mr. Phillips alludes to Humboldt's notice of similar bones found in cutting the great drainage-canal of

Mexico. The well sunk in pumiceous obsidian was undertaken to procure better water than that which the district afforded. The locality is the new inn between Perote and Santa Gertrudes. The well was sunk to the depth of sixty varas; the first ten being in sand and the debris of pumice, and the remainder in pumice and scoria mixed with obsidian. At the bottom, where water was obtained, the volcanic rock assumed a more compact character.

March 23.—Mr. Murchison, president, in the chair; two papers were read. 1. "On the coal-fields of Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia," by Mr. Logan.

The observations detailed in this paper were made during the autumn of last year. The great carboniferous district of Pennsylvania, which is only part of the vast area occupied by similar deposits, and extending into the states of Maryland, Virginia, and Ohio, consists of numerous alternations of grits, sandstones, argillaceous and carboniferous shales, valuable bands of limestone and seams of coal, in some districts bituminous and in others anthracitic. Beneath this series occurs a very hard, coarse, quartzose conglomerate, which, in the southern portions of the coal-district, is from 800 to 1200 feet thick; but which in the north-west thins out considerably. Under this conglomerate is a red shale, also of variable importance, being 3000 feet thick in the south-east portions of the state, less than 100 in the western, and disappearing in the north-west. In its lower part it contains a partial bed of fossiliferous limestone. To the red shale succeeds a formation composed of white, grey, and buff-coloured sandstones and conglomerates, occasionally interstratified with beds of shale, and it is, apparently, of uniform thickness. The whole of these deposits are conformable to each other, and are considered as belonging to the carboniferous series, containing coal-measure plants, but no workable seams of coal occur under the uppermost group. Beneath the sandstone formation, a distinct series of strata commences, though the inclination of the beds is conformable to that of the carboniferous deposits. It has been termed by Professor Rogers the Appalachian system; and consists of nine formations, arranged in the following descending order:—

1. Red and buff-coloured shales and argillaceous sandstones.
2. Olivaceous shales.
3. Fossiliferous sandstones.
4. Argillaceous blue limestone.
5. Variegated calcareous shales.
6. White and yellowish fucoidal sandstones.
7. Red argillaceous shales and soft red sandstones, with hard, greenish, and dark grey sandstones.
8. Dark blue, drab, and yellow slates.
9. A thick blue limestone.

The entire thickness of these formations is estimated to be at least 10,000 feet. The lowest limestone (No. 9) has a great range, extending, through Pennsylvania and New York, to Lake Champlain and the banks of the St. Lawrence; and it is considered, on account of its organic remains, assignable to the lower Silurian rocks of Mr. Murchison. The whole of the foregoing series, including the carboniferous deposits, are contained within a gigantic trough which ranges from N.E. to S.W., and is traversed to a greater or less extent by seven remarkable parallel ridges, 10 to 12 miles distant from each other, and presenting the appearance of a series of concentric segments of circles, with the convex sides towards the N.W. These ridges are also parallel to the great range of the Alleghany and Appalachian mountains, increasing in sharpness and importance as they approach those chains. The first, or most north-western ridge,

has not been traced far into the north-eastern limits of the coal-field; the second is known to extend 125 miles from the northern boundary of the state to a considerable distance within the coal area, where it flattens down; the third and fourth have been ascertained to range 160 and 200 miles respectively, penetrating still further into the carboniferous regions, and there disappearing. The fifth and sixth have been traced 250 miles each from the county of Susquehanna, quite through the coal area to the confines of Virginia; but the seventh has been found to range only 60 miles within the district described in the paper, or from the southern boundary of the state to the Alleghany mountains, one of the ridges of which is conjectured, however, to be a continuation of it. In the southern limits of Pennsylvania these ridges are said to produce anticlinal hills and synclinal valleys; but at the northern extremity, anticlinal valleys and synclinal hills, instances of each occurring in the intervening or mid-way districts. Where the anticlinal lines constitute hills, they always consist of the hard quartzose conglomerate; but where they occur in valleys they are always connected with the soft members of the coal measures or the softer beds of the inferior red shales. Confining his observations to the anthracitic regions, east of the Susquehanna river, Mr. Logan next describes their geological and physical structures; but it is impossible to render this portion of the memoir intelligible without the assistance of very detailed maps.\* We can merely state, that the district is divided into three troughs,—called the southern, middle, and northern anthracitic coal regions,—by ridges of the hard conglomerate, and that numerous minor lines of disturbance, parallel to each other and to the separating ridges, traverse the troughs. In the southern region, the minor anticlinal ridges, five in number, present a more abrupt acclivity on the north than on the southern side; and this feature becomes more prominent in each succeeding escarpment; so that in the most southern the strata have been elevated beyond the perpendicular, and turned over, exposing beds many thousand feet below the coal measures. Pottsville and Mount Carbon are mentioned as good localities for studying these inversions. Beneath every seam of anthracite, Mr. Logan detected a bed of fire-clay, containing stigmata identical in mineral character, and in the mode of occurrence of the fossil plants, with the beds of underclay described by him on a former occasion as occurring under every seam of coal in South Wales. The number of the workable seams in the southern region, Mr. Logan is of opinion, ought to be reduced to one-fifth the amount given by the resident miners, as he allows for repetitions by faults; but he estimates their aggregate thickness at one hundred feet. The celebrated summit-mines, worked in open day, in the neighbourhood of Mauchunk, presents a nearly solid mass of coal fifty feet thick. Standing on the edge of the excavation and looking down into the black abyss below, cut out into dark-sided lanes and streets, surrounded by sable precipices, it is impossible (says Mr. Logan) not to be amazed at the store of mineral wealth contained in this one seam, and equal to between 40,000 and 50,000 tons of fuel per acre.

In an appendix to the paper Mr. Logan gives long and valuable sectional lists; and, he

\* Our readers will find in Mr. R. C. Taylor's reports on the Dauphin and Susquehanna Coal-Company Estate, published at Philadelphia in 1840, much valuable information respecting these regions; also illustrative maps and sections. See likewise, Silliman's Journal of Science, Vol. 41, Part I.

states, it will be evident from them that he personally examined nearly the whole of the anthracite coal-seams noticed in the memoir.

*Nova Scotia.* After his visit to Pennsylvania, Mr. Logan proceeded to Nova Scotia, and investigated the coal-bearing strata in the neighbourhood of Pictou, on the northern side of the province (lat. 45° 48', long. 62° 48' W.). Pictou stands on a carboniferous series, and a bed of coal passes under the town; but the principal locality for workable seams is at the Albion mines, ten miles to the south. In Judge Haliburton's statistical account of Nova Scotia, ten beds are stated to occur there, and the aggregate thickness is estimated to be 60 feet; but only one seam, containing 24 feet in vertical dimensions of clean coal, is at present worked, and its daily produce is about 240 tons. In Frazer's Mount near New Glasgow, two miles to the eastward of the Albion mines, are other workable beds, resting, with the interposition of a stratum of stigmairia fire-clay, on limestone. Judge Haliburton has given a section of the Albion mines, including 600 feet; and in the appendix to Mr. Logan's memoir is an elaborate list of beds commencing 238 feet below Judge Haliburton's section, and extending in the descending series for upwards of 2,500 feet. The whole of these series Mr. Logan divides into the following groups:

1. Red and drab-coloured sandstones with red and grey shales, a few coal-seams occurring chiefly towards the bottom, associated with limestone, and resting on a very coarse conglomerate of considerable thickness.
2. Soft dark shales, with a few beds of sandstone, and richly stored, particularly in the lower half, with workable seams of coal and ironstone—5000 feet.
- Beds of fire-clay with stigmairia were found by Mr. Logan under every seam of coal which he examined; and he states that they are reported to occur in the same position in the carboniferous series of Cape Breton.
3. Limestone with marine fossils—10 feet.
4. Coal measures, probably unproductive, consisting, in the upper half, chiefly of red and dark-coloured shales and sandstones, also of carboniferous shales, resting on fire-clay, with stigmairia; and in the lower half, of strong red and other sandstones, divided by a few bands of red shale—1900 feet.
5. Limestone—10 feet.
- All the above rocks contain carbonised vegetable remains; but in the beds next to be noticed they are very rare.
6. Soft bright red and pale green shales, alternating in the lower part with red sandstones—650 feet.
7. Limestone—20 feet.

The limits of the coal-deposits of Nova Scotia have not been defined, and great care would be necessary in attempting to ascertain them, on account of the overlying strata. Mr. Logan is of opinion that the Pictou deposit probably extends westward across Colchester County, to the north side of the Basin of Mines, including the seams at Kempton and Onslow; and he believes that a parallel trough exists to the southward, ranging from Hawkesbury on the western side of Cape Breton Island to Windsor on the south side of the Basin of Mines (lat. 44° 49'; long. 64° 19' W.), three miles south of which Mr. Logan discovered coal-measures. He states that they are also found at Middle Stewick, on the line of strike between Hawkesbury and Windsor; and they are reported to occur at Beaver Lake, which is situated on the same bearing.

With respect to the gypsiferous marls and limestones of Nova Scotia, Mr. Logan is of opinion that they are newer than the coal measures, because in a section near Windsor the former rise out unconformably at an angle of 45° from beneath the latter, and because the fossils collected by him have been ascertained not to belong to any of the deposits more ancient than the coal measures, but to agree

generally with those characteristic of the magneesian limestone and triassic series.

2. "On the Tchornoi zem, or black earth, of the central regions of Russia," by Mr. Murchison.

The object of this communication is to attract notice to a superficial deposit which, though it occurs at intervals over vast tracts of central and eastern Russia, has received little attention. The author, 1st, describes its range, extent, and connexion with the physical outline of the regions in which it prevails; 2d, its relations to the northern drift, and other superficial detritus; 3d, its chemical composition; and, 4th, he offers some remarks respecting its origin.

The northernmost limits of the tchornoi zem may be defined by a curved line drawn from a little south of Lichwin (54° N. lat., 33° 44' E. long.) to the left bank of the Volga, in lat. 57°; beyond that river it occurs near Casan, but not to the north of the town; and on the Asiatic side of the Urals the author met, in lat. 56° N., with a large oasis of black earth around a spot called Crasnoi Glasnova. Of its northern limits in the great Siberian plains no defined information was obtained; but Mr. Murchison was told that it is spread over a considerable area in the centre of that region. Of its southern limits no precise details are given, but the black earth is stated to occur at intervals on the eastern flanks of the southern Urals, and in the steppes of the Kirghise. It is wanting in the great flat steppes between Orenburg and the north of the Volga; also south of Tzaritzin on the Volga (about 48° 40' N. lat.), and in the steppes of the Kalmucks, ranging to the mouth of the Don; likewise south of the chain of elevation commonly called the granitic steppe. It is found at all levels to the height of 400 feet,—on plateaux, on slopes, and in the bottom of broad valleys. It is universally cut into by the ravines or fissures called "avrachs," or balzers, and which are due to the action of atmospheric agents on the incoherent materials forming the superficial deposits of the country. Its thickness varies from a few feet to 20, the deepest beds occupying the lowest levels. It always consists of very fine black particles, mixed with grains of sand; and when wet, it forms a tenacious mass, but when dry, an impalpable powder, which rises into the air even by the pressure of a horse's feet on the turf that covers it. Wherever the tchornoi zem occurs, it constitutes the finest soil in Russia, whether for wheat or grass, requiring only an occasional year of fallow to recover its productive qualities. With respect to its relation to the northern drift and other superficial detritus, Mr. Murchison shews, that the black earth is found in connexion with the former only at the extreme southern limits of the boulder region, and there overlies it; he also shews, that the tchornoi zem is universally the uppermost deposit of the country in which it occurs, resting upon all formations, from the most ancient to the newest, but invariably preserving its black colour.

With respect to the comparisons which have been drawn between this curious accumulation and other geologically modern ones, Mr. Murchison dissents from that which would assign the same origin to it and the loess of the Rhine, because it contains no fluviatile or terrestrial testacea, and because it occurs on plateaux, a position never occupied by the loess; but he does not object to the two deposits being considered as equivalents as regards age. He likewise dissents from the supposition that the tchornoi zem and the ordinary diluvium of Belgium, France, and Germany, had a similar

origin, because they possess no characters in common. According to an analysis of the earth made by Mr. Phillips, chemist to the Museum of Economic Geology, 100 parts consist of the following ingredients: silica 69·8, alumina 13·5, lime 1·6, oxide of iron 7, vegetable matter 6·4, traces of humic acid? sulphuric acid, chlorine, and loss, 1·7. The black earth, therefore (Mr. Murchison observes) does not differ in composition from many of the red or brown soils of England. The author then offers some remarks on the origin of the tchornoi zem. He cannot admit that it owes its peculiar characters to decayed forests, or vegetables *in situ*, as it never contains any remnants of the trunks and branches of trees, roots, or vegetable fibres, not derived from the existing herbage, even where the deposit is from fifteen to twenty feet thick, and might be expected to afford them, were the assumed origin the true one. He is further of opinion, that the position of the tchornoi zem, often spread out on the tops and sides of mounds, like a coating of mortar over a dome, and its uniform character throughout extensive areas, are features equally opposed to the hypothesis of a simply terrestrial origin. On the contrary, he believes that it is a sub-marine accumulation, deposited quietly at the bottom of a sea, far removed from all violent currents or other disturbing agents, and consequently beyond the range of the operations which produced the great boulder formation of Northern Russia; and he conceives, that its uniform black colour is due to the state of decomposition of the vegetable matter which was mixed up with the drifted mud and fine sand composing the mass of the tchornoi zem.

#### CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 5.—The president in the chair. The "Turbine of Fourneyron" was further discussed, and a comparison instituted between its merits and those of the water-pressure engine, Barker's mill as improved by Whitelaw and Stirratt, and several other machines.

The conversation upon Professor Moseley's indicator was then resumed. It embraced many points in mechanics, illustrations of principles, practical applications, &c., and was continued to some length with unflagging interest.

These matters and the monthly ballot left only a short time for reading a paper by Mr. D. P. Hewett,—"Description of the Menai Lighthouse," which shewed the advantages possessed by the Menai Strait as a harbour of refuge for vessels entering the rivers Dee and Mersey, the necessity for distinctly marking out the channel of the entrance, and the improvements carried into effect by the Trinity House. The details of the construction of the building were then fully given, and illustrated by very spirited drawings.

The principal novelty in the construction was the substitution for the curved base (like the Eddystone) of a series of rectangular steps, or offsets, at the base, extending upwards to a height of 22 feet; the engineer (Mr. Walker) being of opinion, that the force of the waves would be more broken by striking against the steps where the solid mass of the building was amply sufficient to resist the momentum, than if the body of water was guided upwards by the curved base. This was stated to be the first lighthouse in which cast iron has been substituted for stone in the pedestal of the lantern.

The following papers were announced, in addition to Mr. Denroche's "On gas," to be read at the next meeting:—1. "Observations upon the sections of breakwaters, with modifications proposed," by Lieut.-Col. Jones.—2.

"Remarks on the causes of accumulations of deposit in sewers, &c., with an apparatus used for cleansing the sewers in the Holborn and Finsbury divisions," by John Roe.

## PARIS LETTER.

Paris, April 3, 1842.

*Academy of Sciences:* sittings of March 30. *Astronomy.*—M. Arago announced that Encke's comet had been observed only five times at the Paris Observatory—the 12th, 15th, 16th, 19th, and 24th March. The moon interfered somewhat on the four latter days; but the observed position of the comet on the 15th very nearly coincided with that laid down in the ephemeris.

*Photography.*—M. Gaudin wrote, that he had succeeded in obtaining instantaneous photographic impressions, without the aid of the iodine-box; that is to say, by the exposure of the polished plate to a single compound. He says, "I operate with the new compound as well and as quickly as I did before with iodine and the bromure of iodine; and this is not extraordinary, since the composition in question is simply a bromure, but more rich in iodine than the former. The preparation of this new bromure of iodine is very easy: it is only to pour into the bromure of iodine, with bromine in excess, an alcoholic solution of iodine, until a precipitate, having the appearance of iodine, begins to be formed. The resulting liquid filtered is the bromure in question. By the action of bromine on the sulphuret of iodine may be obtained a liquid of similar properties: it was with this I obtained, for the first time, instantaneous impressions without the preliminary iodising. The successive use of iodine and the accelerating substances almost always produce impressions defaced with spots; but from these defects the productions of the new compound are entirely exempt: henceforth the iodine-box will be discarded.

*Erpetology.*—M. F. de Castelnau addressed a note containing several observations on reptiles. To prove that serpents do really possess the power of fascination, he states that in North America he saw a squirrel, just falling from a high tree, thus fascinated by a large black serpent (*Colubus constrictor*) below, curled into a spiral form, with his head raised in the direction of the little animal. This serpent is very furious: it wages war with the rattle-snake, which it frequently stifles in the contest. It attains sometimes to the length of seven feet; and it does not, as most of the *Ophidians*, fly the approach of man; but, if disturbed, attacks and even pursues its enemy; and as it is not venomous, nor its bite formidable, the negroes irritate it for fun: it gives chase, and, if it overtakes them, coils round their bodies, and tries to bite. M. Castelnau remarks that rattle-snakes are very numerous in the north of the United States, and that they are gregarious. The inhabitants of Catskill and near Lake George sometimes kill in a single day three or four hundred of these reptiles. He speaks also of the habits of the cayman, called all over North America an alligator. Its flesh, as well as that of the rattle-snake, is sometimes served up at the tables of the rich planters. He also commonly met with a large adder, six feet long, with a copper-colour head: it is very formidable, although it does not seem venomous. This reptile plays an important part in the mystic ceremonies of the savages; and the Sioux warriors use its skin as an ornament for the head in their war-costume.

*Geology.*—M. H. de Collegno submitted a new memoir on the tertiary formations of the north-west of Italy. In 1841 he visited new

localities; and his researches have confirmed in every particular the views he had announced some years ago. The memoir was referred for report.

*Physics.*—M. Abria presented a memoir on the laws of the induction of electric currents. This also was referred to a commission.

*Organic chemistry.*—M. A. Laurent submitted a paper on some new combinations in the indigo series; and, first, of a new salt, the "isato-sulphite" of potash, which he announces to have obtained by treating isatine with the bisulphite of potash. This salt presents a new type of crystals. It is isomeric with the indigo-sulphate of potash, but it possesses different properties. Acids give a precipitate of isatine, and disengage sulphurous acid. Its treatment with chlorine, nitrate of silver, and an ammoniacal solution of the same, also with other salts of that metal, &c. &c., was detailed. The paper is to be reported upon; as also others "on the theory of vision," by M. Vallée; "on the nervous system of cetacea," by M. Buzin; "on a new expression of the formula for the dilatation of gas," by M. Thilorier, &c. &c.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

April 7.—Mr. H. Gurney, vice-president, in the chair. Mr. T. Charles, of Maidstone, in a letter to Mr. C. R. Smith, communicated an account of various discoveries of Roman remains in the neighbourhood of Maidstone, the most important of which was made on the apex of the hill, above the well-known cromlech called Kit's Cot House, and which seem to shew, from the extensive series of coins found there, together with urns and other relics, that this elevated situation was appropriated to funeral rites by the Roman inhabitants of the district, for a considerable period of time, as the coins range from Claudius to Gratian. Many of the coins, apart from the consideration of their topographical illustration, are highly interesting. Among those enumerated were several of the Britannia type of Pius and Hadrian, a denarius of Diadumenianus, and some of a Gaulish or British type, which seem peculiar to Kent. The town of Maidstone, Mr. Charles considers, from the almost total absence of Roman remains, to have been of much later origin than some antiquaries are inclined to adopt. This paper is a useful adjunct to those lately read before the society on the antiquities of Kent, and leads us to hope that the antiquaries of other counties will second these endeavours to record and classify the remains of ancient art which still abound in England, in spite of the destructive effects of modern improvements and ignorance.

## THE COPYRIGHT BILL

Has passed through its last important stage on recomittal in the House of Commons. Mr. Macaulay modified those views by which he formerly defeated Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's measure, and Mr. Wakley alone (with a small side-wind help of Mr. Aglionby) attempted to prevent the carrying of the bill, as slightly altered to meet the opinions of the House. Mr. W., coarsely enough, attacked the whole class of authors, and directed some painfully personal remarks against the poetry of Wordsworth, quoting passages of his, perhaps, too simple compositions. The respect for great and unquestionable genius, however, blunted the effects of these petty shafts, and vindicated the fame of one of our immortals. Mr. Milnes did himself honour by following up Lord Mahon's pro-

position, and answering the ill-advised assault of the county coroner, who had better stick to dead bodies, and let alone living or dying authors. Writers will now have thrice fourteen, i. e. forty-two, years' property in their works; and should they die before the expiration of that period, an extension of seven years after their death.

Were it now possible to arrange a fair international copyright, giving the authors of every country equal advantages, it would place the producers of literature in a yet more eligible situation; and the following paper in connexion with that desideratum will, we trust, attract the attention it so richly deserves:—

*Reasons why even single copies of Foreign Editions of Modern English Books should not be permitted to be imported.*

1. Copyright is professedly protected by the law of England, and of all civilised countries; but it is obvious that this protection is wholly illusory, if English works printed abroad may be imported into the United Kingdom; as the foreign publishers, having nothing to pay to the authors, can afford to sell the works at the mere cost of paper and print: paper and print also being one-third less costly in France and Belgium than in England. 2. To whatever extent the importation of such foreign editions is permitted, it must in so far tend to make English books dearer, by curtailing the demand for our own editions, both in England and the colonies; and thus compelling the publishers to print smaller numbers, which, of course, are produced at a higher rate per copy. 3. But the most mischievous effect of the legalised importation consists in its serving as a cloak effectually to screen the smuggler: dealers, and other individuals having smuggled works in their possession, may always allege that they are copies got from private parties, who brought them from the Continent, or from America, for their own use; and how false soever, it is plainly, in most cases, impossible to disprove such allegations. 4. The legalised importation of single copies, even if it did not occasion smuggling, is merely a boon conferred at the expense of authors on the wealthier class of individuals; for few or none of the labouring classes, who form the bulk of the population, travel abroad, or can avail themselves of the privilege. 5. In consequence, however, of the covering afforded by the legalised importation, the clandestine importation is quite enormous; foreign editions are printed, in fact, avowedly to supply the market of England; the foreign demand alone being far too limited to repay their cost. 6. English publishers, finding a greatly decreased demand for their own genuine editions, are obliged to make proportional deductions from the sums paid to authors. 7. The means of employing labour are also narrowed by this clandestine importation, inasmuch as foreign paper-makers, printers, and publishers, are employed in the publication of works that would otherwise be printed in England. There cannot, in truth, be a doubt that the great number of printers at present without employment, and the depressed condition of the paper trade, are mainly ascribable to this importation. 8. But without taking the smuggling, which it covers and encourages, into account, the permission to import "single" copies entails a grievous injury on English authors. Nothing, in fact, can be more erroneous than to suppose that this is a "trifling" matter. It is to be remembered that hundreds, and even thousands, of passengers sometimes come over in a single week from the Continent; and it makes no difference to the English publisher, whether 500 copies come over singly, or



in one bale. 9. An eminent author has ascertained that 1200 sets of various of his works were brought into one port (*not London*) by passengers from the Continent within a few recent months. 10. It is further to be observed, that the more a publisher spends in advertising, the more he promotes the sale of the foreign edition; and the better and more elaborate and valuable the book, the greater is the temptation to import the foreign edition. 11. Good works of all descriptions, whether of research or fancy, are reprinted abroad: among others may be specified those of Alison, Lord Mahon, Hallam, McCulloch, Rogers, Moore, Byron, Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, Wordsworth, Southey, Milman, Campbell, James, and Lingard. The evil, indeed, falls wholly on those authors who have done most to extend the literary glory of the country, and who deserve best to be protected. Works of merit only are reprinted. 12. The circumstances under which the legalised permission to import single copies was granted in 1814, have totally changed in the interval, from the introduction of steam navigation, and the vast and wholly unlooked-for increase of communication with the Continent, America, &c. 13. The legalised importation of modern English works, printed abroad, is contrary to the principle acknowledged and assented to by the legislature in agreeing to a general international copyright treaty; and is indeed, in so far, a legalised invasion and total subversion of the author's right of property. 14. The law of France does that justice to authors and literature denied by the law of England; for it prohibits the introduction, even of a single copy, of any foreign edition of a French work. 15. Three thousand guineas were paid for the copyright of Mr. Moore's "Lalla Rookh."\* Is it surprising that the French, who pay nothing for copyright, should reprint and sell this work for a few francs? But the existing law, and the abuses which it necessarily occasions, have made it impossible for any publisher to pay, at present, such a sum for any work of moderate compass, how excellent soever.

LONGMAN & CO.  
JOHN MURRAY.

London, April 1842.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

*Monday*.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.; Medical, 8 p.m.  
*Tuesday*.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Zoological, 8½ p.m.  
*Wednesday*.—Medico-Botanical, 8 p.m.; Graphic, 8 p.m.; Pharmaceutical, 8½ p.m.; Aborigines' Protection Society, 8 p.m.  
*Thursday*.—Royal, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.; Royal Soc. of Literature, 4 p.m.  
*Friday*.—Roy. Institution, 8½ p.m.; Botanical, 8 p.m.  
*Saturday*.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.; Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.; Mathematical, 8 p.m.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### ST. ANN'S SOCIETY SCHOOLS.

We derived great gratification by being present at the anniversary of this charity in the City of London Tavern on Monday; the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. It has existed, with various fortunes, since the year 1709, and is now (as explained by Mr. Bleadon, one of the trustees, who addressed the meeting in a very feeling speech, on his health being given) in a flourishing condition; which was amply justified by the clean and healthy appearance of a hundred and seventy children of both sexes, who walked

round the room, heard an oration from one of their own number, and sang a hymn with great propriety in gratitude for the foundation. They are the offspring of persons in the middle classes of life, who have been unsuccessful, and unable to provide for their infant families; and when evil days and poverty fall upon such, they are indeed objects for sympathy and commiseration. The school is at Brixton; and the system a plan of useful moral and religious education. It is impossible to over-estimate the blessings conferred by a charity of this kind; and the simply touching manner in which its claims were enforced by his Royal Highness, seconded by the Bishop of Chichester, Alderman T. Johnson, Mr. W. Tooke, and other speakers, obtained a subscription of above 1000*l*. Miss Betts, Broadhurst, Hawkins, Hatton, and Chapman, varied the evening with songs and glees in an agreeable style.

##### STRAWBERRY HILL.

LIKE all the world who could go, we have been to Strawberry Hill; and amid the many conflicting opinions which variety of tastes and pursuits, a knowledge of the objects in view, or an utter ignorance of them, of which there have been many most laughable instances,\* may say that it is a sight which we should not like to have missed on any account. For it is the sight of such a miscellaneous collection as we can hardly hope to meet with again; and there is, assuredly, something of every kind to please and interest visitors of every description. Of the great lions of the place so much has been said and written, that we will not risk repetition about them. The Cellini bell is an exquisite performance; the Jovio Clodio missal in unimaginably fine condition, and, like that partly ascribed to Raffaele, a prize of price; the Limoges horn, truly unique, with colours brilliant as the necks of humming-birds; much of the Faenza china rare and excellent; a few of the bronzes very fine; some of the paintings of the highest class of art, and others of antiquity which gives them a striking historical value; and, in short, a multitude of articles of *verve*, which would enrich and embellish a hundred Curiosity-Shops. But we would particularly direct attention to the MSS., autographs, and miniatures. Among these we found many specimens of extraordinary worth and unrivalled beauty. The Petittots and Coopers are gems indeed. An Elizabeth sovereign, among a number of coins of extreme rarity, is unmatched and matchless. The die was engraved for her shortly before her death; and representing her aged, wrinkled, and with high cheek-bones, aroused the royal wrath, and the few copies were relentlessly destroyed. This one escaped; and with the mention of it we shall finish these brief hints, and quote a literary curiosity in conclusion:—

*Verses by QUEEN ELIZABETH while Prisoner at Woodstock; written with charcoal on a shutter, and preserved by Hentzner in that part of his Travels elegantly reprinted at Strawberry-hill.*

Oh, Fortune! how thy restless wavering state  
hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!  
witness this present prison, whither fate  
could bear me, and the joys I quit.  
Thou causest the guiltless to be loosed  
from bands, wherein are innocents inclosed:  
causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,  
and freeing those that death had well deserved.  
But by her envie can be nothing wrought,  
so God send to my foes all they have thought.  
A.D. MDLV. ELIZABETHE, Prisonner.

\* Such as a *lady*, inspecting two almost unequal specimens of Limoges china, asking, if she bought them, how she could complete the set.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### BEAUTY IS DEAD.

Snow-stormy Winter rides  
Wild on the blast,  
Hoarsely the sullen tides  
Shoreward are cast;  
Morn meets no more the lark  
Warbling o'erhead;  
Nature mourns, dumb and dark—  
Beauty is dead!

Sear on the primrose-bank  
Fades the last leaf;  
Flower-heads that early sank  
Bow'd as with grief;  
Autumn's rich gifts of bloom,  
All, all are fled;  
Winter brings shroud and tomb—  
Mary is dead.

Sweeter than summer-bird  
Sang from her bough;  
Music, the sweetest heard,  
Silent is now;  
Pale lies that cheek of woe  
On its last bed;  
Winter—too well I know—  
Beauty is dead!

Saw'st thou her face, fair Stream,  
Yet canst flow on?  
Ah, me!—how sweet a dream  
From life hath gone!  
Earth may no trace reveal  
Of her light tread;  
Winter—too well I feel—  
Mary is dead.

CHARLES SWAIN.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Her Majesty's Theatre*.—The continued indisposition of Persiani, and Guasco also, has prevented the performance of *Lucia de Lammermoor*; but it is announced for to-night.

*Drury Lane*.—The *Macbeth* of Macready, with a powerful cast of the other parts, and got up in a splendid and appropriate style, is the great Monday-attraction at this theatre. Shakespeare and Handel, however, are not allowed to banish modern talent from the stage; and the pledge of the management is in every respect fully redeemed.

*Covent Garden* has found its *White Cat* a thing of *éclat*, and now approaches its close with benefits, previous to reopening with the German Operatic Company.

*Haymarket*.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean commenced an engagement here on Monday, in *Macbeth*. The house was not very full, and the performances were very unequal. Celeste seems nightly to become more popular, and is truly interesting in all passionate characters where intensity of feeling has to be expressed.

*St. James's Theatre*.—*French Plays*.—We attended at the *début* of Mdle. Plessy on Monday evening. An appeal to the indulgence of the audience was made in the bills, in consequence of the suffering this lady had undergone from a boisterous sea-voyage; and her extreme delicacy of appearance testified to the truth of the appeal. She was really *intéressante*, and in *Valerie*, or the *Blind Girl*, carried with her the sympathy of the audience throughout. It was impossible to behold a young and lovely girl, afflicted with the loss of sight, without painful emotions, and, at the last, not to participate in her ecstasy upon restoration to vision. The whole interest and call for exertion are of course centered in the depiction of the conduct of *Valerie* on receiving such a blessing; indeed, there is nothing else in the piece. The manner in which she rushes upon the stage after the successful operation upon her eyes by her lover, exclaiming, "*Je vois!*" with her excessive eagerness to enjoy her newly acquired power of sight, her scream of joy upon beholding her benefactor, and her *aux genoux* to thank Providence, — were most touchingly displayed by Mdle.

\* This is only a single illustration out of hundreds. There is hardly a popular book in the English language which is not exposed to similar piracy and wrong.—*Ed. L. G.*

Plessy, and received loud congratulations from the audience. *Le Gen d'Amour et du Hazard* followed. In this piece the *débütante* had an opportunity of shewing the versatility of her talents. Her *naïveté* and *esprit* were bewitching; and again she carried with her the admiration of the company. Her exertions were completely successful; and she was demanded after each of the pieces,—a compliment she acknowledged with evident sentiments of gratitude and pleasure.

The *Strand Theatre* began its campaign on Thursday, with *Robert Burns*, and other novelties, as well as old favourites. All went off with spirit and effect; and the present promises not to fall short of the deserved success of last season.

*Olympic*.—*Whittington and his Cat* revisit the scene in amusing and laughable forms; and the other entertainments are very satisfactory to the lovers of mirth.

The *Surrey* continues to delight its crowds with grand spectacle, tragic effects, and horsemanship of the first order.

### VARIETIES.

*The Royal Academy*.—The sculpture and paintings for the ensuing exhibition were sent in on Tuesday. As is usual, we hear of high promise; but we think we can hardly be disappointed, when we know that the last works of Wilkie (3), and productions of Calcott, Stanfield, Roberts, E. Landseer, MacIver, and other distinguished artists, are to be in considerable force and numbers on the walls.

*Number Ones*.—Though we noticed six No. 1's last week, we have this week more than that number of novelties before us. Reserving them for farther examination and notice, we shall merely enumerate Part I. of the beautifully illustrated Abbotsford edition of the *Waverley Novels*; No. 1. of Murray's sixpenny edition of *Byron's Tales*, beginning with the *Giaour*; No. 1. of the *London University Magazine*; No. 1. of the *Evergreen*, a miscellany of fact and fiction; No. 1. of *Papers of the Dublin Law Institute*; and No. 1. of *Pettigrew's Encyclopædia Egyptica*.

*British Association*.—Notwithstanding the depression of trade, we rejoice to learn that the subscription and arrangements for receiving the *British Association* at Manchester in June, are in the most favourable position; and both from the nobility and wealthy manufacturers around that capital of commerce, as well as from the town and its scientific men and institutions, the visitors may anticipate a liberal and gratifying welcome.

*Drury Lane Theatrical Fund*, of which the anniversary takes place on Wednesday next, will have the advantage of the Presidency of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, and has a strong corps of musical and comic talent in its list of stewards. We have no doubt they will furnish plentiful entertainment for a long evening.

*Lord Rolle*.—The death of Lord Rolle, at the extreme age of ninety-two, is connected with literature, from his name having given the title to the celebrated political poems called *The Rolliad*.

*Crucifix stolen*.—At Rome, according to the journals, among other articles of which the house of the Cardinal del Drago had been robbed at noon-day, was "a crucifix in diamonds, valued at 20,000 crowns." Can imagination suggest any thing more incongruous than the formation of such a symbol in such materials? The juxtaposition of similar inconsistencies

may also be illustrated by an item in the Strawberry-Hill Catalogue, viz. a pair of bellows carved after designs by M. Angelo!

### International dialogue.

ENGLAND.  
China, you're cradd'd; you've had a fall!  
We've thrown you down; so, once for all,  
Do take a lesson by 't.  
Beware lest, when our will it fits,  
We roughly smash you into bits,  
And leave you then outright.

CHINA.  
We cannot fight; but you must trade,  
And all your tea-pots stand array'd  
To spout for us a plea.  
The fact that in your faces stares  
Your very alphabet declares—  
You must come after T!

G. D.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We are glad to see announced as nearly ready for publication, in a 4to volume, *Discourses* delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, by Sir Joshua Reynolds: illustrated by explanatory Notes and Plates, by John Burnet, F.R.S., whose own productions in and on the Fine Arts designate him as being fully able to perform this task in a worthy manner.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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